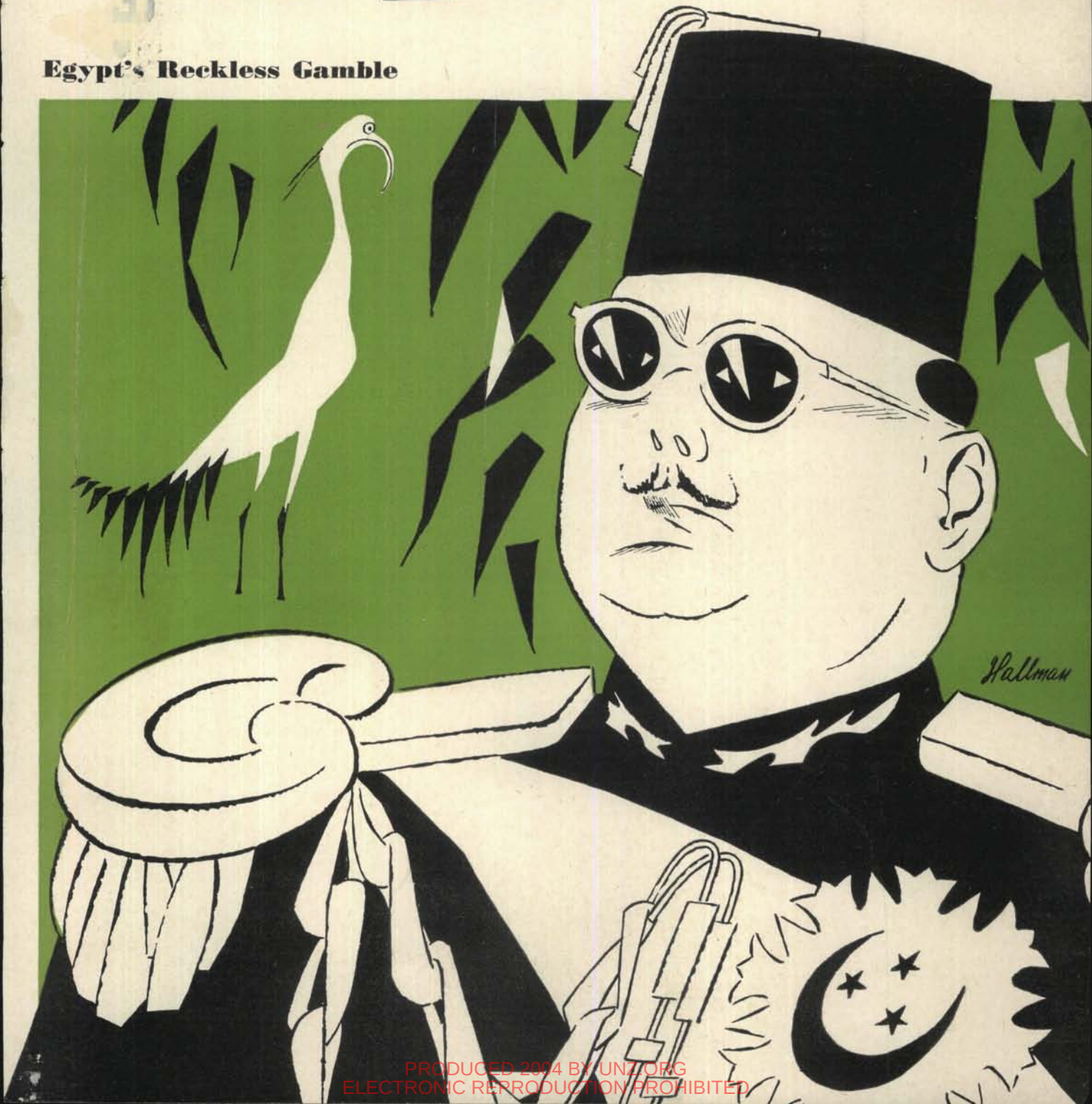
What's Wrong with the State Department?

The Reporter

November 13, 1951 25c

Egypt's Reckless Gamble



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Mayor Impellitteri visits his native village in Sicily **(see page 31)**

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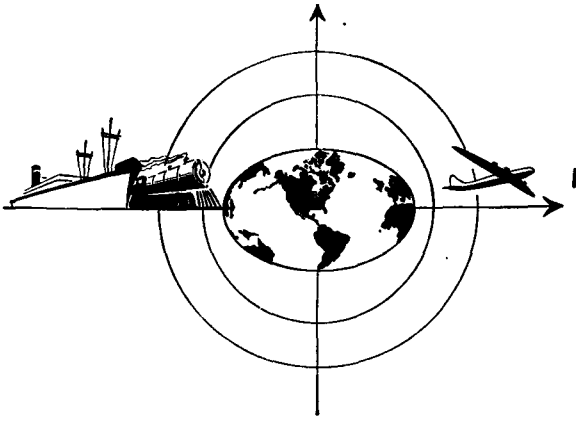

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

THE DANGER OF PEACE

We wonder sometimes whether the people who think it's a crime ever to consider or to have considered the recognition of Red China—we wonder whether these purists of nonrecognition realize the danger we are running in the Panmunjom negotiations.

Hostility on the battlefield implies a sort of recognition of the enemy who is the target of the soldier's gun. But when the representatives of the enemy armies meet face to face, American and South Korean officers on one side, North Koreans and Chinese officers on the other, the situation becomes far more serious. You may not acknowledge the existence of the man you want to kill but you cannot help acknowledging the existence of the one you want to talk to.

Undoubtedly, it would be said that the whole idea of negotiation is a devilish trick of Malik's aimed at luring us into recognition of Red China—were it not that General MacArthur himself invited the North Korean and Red Chinese leaders to negotiate on March 24, a proposal of which he seems to be still proud.

If the negotiations succeed, and there is still a chance, even if it is only one in five or one in ten, there might be the danger of joint boards on which American and Red Chinese officers would work side by side for the maintenance of the truce. There would surely be joint preparations for an exchange of prisoners. And then, should the truce last and lead to some sort of peace settlement, Americans would be in the dreadful situation not only of negotiating but actually of establishing peace with Red China. If that moment arrives, the American negotiator, we suppose, after having affixed his signature to the peace agreement, would make it clear that the Chinese delegate represents a country that doesn't exist.

Perhaps some drastic steps should be taken right now to ensure a radical and unreversible nonrecognition of Red China for all time to come. Even to acknowledge the physical existence of that country should be considered a crime, and the maps of the Far East should be instantly redesigned. Where Formosa is now, "China" should be written, and over the huge space that on present-day maps is called China all marks of regions, rivers, and cities should be wiped out and nothing left but a uniform reddish color.

On medieval maps the parts of the world that were still unknown or unexplored were marked with an inscription: *Hic sunt leones,* Here are the lions. Now we can write: Here are the Reds. And that's all.

COLLIER'S OWN WAR

A recent issue of *Collier's* is entirely dedicated to one big theme, a description of war between America and Russia (May, 1952, to January, 1955) and the ensuing period of Russian reconstruction up to 1960.

It is "the war we do not want," *Collier's* editors print on every page, and without any doubt they mean it. They must have thought that this special issue could be, to paraphrase William James, a moral substitute for war. The type of writer they enlisted is an added evidence of their excellent intentions: men like Robert Sherwood, Hanson Baldwin, and Walter Reuther.

The result, we fear, is not what the editors and the writers wanted. We fight a neat, limited war, without unnecessary strategic bombing. We avoid the mistake of calling for the unconditional surrender of the enemy or punishing the people for the crimes of their leaders. Victory is won after thirty-two months, and afterwards a golden era for the Russians as well as for ourselves seems to start.

Of course there are several million people killed, on our side as well as the Russians'. But there is no ill will or hatred among either victors or vanquished. The Russians, under the most benevolent U.N. and U.S. occupation conceivable, start behaving like good Americans. There is a fashion show at the Dynamo Stadium for the fashion-starved Muscovite women. The Russian editions of *Time* magazine and of all our other popular publications go like hot cakes.

After all—the reader who has gone through the reportage of the atomic bombing of Detroit, Hanford, New York, and Chicago may think—this is one war that does what it's supposed to: gives us a victory that sticks.

It is all bewildering, for, we repeat, the intentions of the *Collier's* editors and of Robert Sherwood, who wrote the main article, were just the opposite. The trouble is that no writing can convey the emptiness, the mortal uncertainty of war—least of all a glib technicolor description of an unfought war.

We must admit that we found in one article, written by Arthur Koestler, an idea that stirred us deeply. In the postwar era, he discovers that Communism has never existed in Russia. It was just an export article. "The lucky dogs," we muttered. To think that of all countries Russia must be the only one without former Communists!

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CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFERING RUSSIANS

To the Editor: The article by William Hessler on Turkey contained a striking and at the same time significant sentence: "But more important, they [the Turks] are anti-Russian, out of a long and bitter experience." I do not know Hessler's intention in writing this sentence, but I do know that this produces the feeling that the Russians are to be blamed for everything that makes life so hard today, that they are our enemies.

Nobody bears in mind that this people has been suffering for more than thirty-three years under the Bolshevist régime, that millions have been killed there in their fight against the Communists. I am German and do know what it means to be considered a member of a criminal nation, and that is what the Russians are accused of by some people today.

WOLFRAM ROHDE
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PUBLIC EDUCATION

To the Editor: It is gratifying to see the promulgation of articles such as "Public School Enemy No. 1?," which are exposing some of the unjustified attacks on modern education. The tragedy of these attacks lies in the fact that men like Allen Zoll, who have never been associated with the field of education, suddenly appear as ardent advocates in that field. Attacks of this sort manifested by those who fail to understand education as it has progressed to meet the needs of modern civilization are threatening to disrupt our educational system and American heritage.

In order to mitigate the threat of disruption of education, the public needs to be substantially informed about our educational system and its vast improvements. This can be done by the co-operation of the public, teachers, and school administrators in the local communities, plus the aid of news agencies and radio.

Education as it exists in our schools today is not revolutionary, but is the evolutionary outgrowth of many years of progress in methods of instruction, child study, improved materials and textbooks, scientific attainments, and general increasing knowledge, etc.

Zoll's assertion "that ninety per cent of texts and teaching in our schools today are in considerable measure subversive" is a fatuous one. This assertion is based upon highly distorted interpretations. Not only are our schools teaching the moral and spiritual elements of democracy, but they are putting those principles into practice.

A democratic respect for personality is practiced more than ever before by providing for the individual needs of each child as much as possible. Student governments are set up and run by the student body. Codes of behavior and safety are devised by student groups. One of our basic democratic principles, freedom of the press, is made efficacious through school newspapers. Athletics and school clubs develop co-operation in group situations. These are only a few of the instances of democratic teaching found in the schools of today.

Our public-education system has evolved out of democratic ideals and philosophy. Our forefathers realized that an educated citizenry was mandatory in a democracy where the people participate in the affairs of their government. It is through education that our democratic ideals and institutions are perpetuated from one generation to another. If we wish to continue the perpetuation of our American way of life, it is up to us as citizens to defend our education system against the demagogues and uninformed who threaten to destroy it.

JAMES M. SMITH
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

'OUR PAUL'

To the Editor: As a liberal citizen of Massachusetts and a Democrat, I feel slighted by Robert Bendiner's " 'Logic' and the Two-Party System" in your October 16 issue. When i comes to being seated in as liberal a Cabinet as F.D.R.'s, I have no doubt that Massachusetts' Governor Paul Dever would be outstanding. [Of the nation's twenty-three Democratic governors, Mr. Bendiner thought that only those of Illinois, North Carolina, and Michigan would feel at home in such a Cabinet.]

Our Paul has not as yet caught the national eye, but rest assured he will.

His record of building a good road system in this section has already been noticed by many vacationers in the last three years. He has made great strides in our mental-hospital conditions, and he will be the first to admit that the work has barely begun. He has built veterans' housing. Rent control is a state law. FEPC is a state law. Our crusading governor has been defeated by a Republican Opposition (with a small faction of insurance-company-minded Democrats) on a state sickness-benefit law.

Before Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's supporters gang up on me, I will admit that he is liberal, but in strictly a Republican way. Compared to Taft, he is a Norman Thomas, but compared to Governor Dever or Massachusetts Congressman John Kennedy, Lodge is a Taft.

Paul Dever and Massachusetts liberalism are worth watching.

JOHN J. LAFFIN
Somerville, Massachusetts

NO BAGGY TROUSERS

To the Editor: We were extremely interested to read the fine article "Turkey—Russia's Gift to NATO," by William H. Hessler, in your October 2 issue.

It is unfortunate, however, that such an excellent article should have been marred by the accompanying pen drawings which portray the Turks as wearing fezzes and baggy trousers, turned-up slippers, and veils.

Cartoons such as these influence the mental pictures of millions of Americans; they merely serve to keep alive misconceptions and misrepresentations that are far from being fair to the people of a country that has for many centuries played a vital role in the history of Europe. It is especially unfortunate in view of the fact that the fez and veil in Turkey were abolished by law as far back as 1926, among a large number of changes effected after the inception of the Republic.

Today, too, as explained in Hessler's article, Turkey is in the forefront of western democratic ranks against Communist aggression and expansion, not only in its mental beliefs and attitudes but also in the matter of outward appearance as typified by everyday European clothes and headgear.

We feel sure that both you and the artist would agree that the time has come to identify the present-day Turk of the Turkish Republic by means of some symbol other than the outmoded fez, veil, baggy trousers, etc.

NURI EREN
Director, Turkish Information Office
New York City

BOUQUET

To the Editor: Let me extend congratulations on your enlisting Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr—one of the great minds in America today—as a contributor in the September 18 issue. I know many of your readers join me in hoping that *The Reporter* will serve frequently as an outlet for his endless energy.

I would like to mention an aspect of *The Reporter* on which you may not hear a great deal of subscribers' comment but which is of considerable secondary importance—your art work. I think you've set very high standards in that respect.

Finally, I'll say something that lots of other people have already said: I don't always agree with the opinions expressed in *The Reporter,* but those opinions are always sane and almost always well documented. This makes your magazine the kind of reading that Americans need. You mobilize thought processes and not free-floating emotions.

LIEUT. RICHARD L. MILLER, USNR
San Francisco

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 5, NO. 10 **NOVEMBER 13, 1951**

in this issue . . .

The Canal and Its Keepers

FOR A MIDDLE EASTERN POLICY—AN EDITORIAL — *Max Ascoli* 4

EGYPT'S DESPERATE GAMBLE . . . *Alvin Rosenfeld* 5

The Plight of Our Foreign Policy

THE DIPLOMAT AND THE DINOSAUR . . . *Max Ascoli* 9

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT? — *Douglass Cater* 14

At Home & Abroad

THE DOWNFALL OF A COMMUNIST . *Theodore H. White* 17
A West German Red makes the long, silent journey East

A SOVIET REVERIE . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 21
Some Moscow economists play a little game of scholarly treason

WHAT THE FRENCH ELECTIONS SHOWED — *Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber* 25
Crisis as usual brings a day of reckoning closer

THE GAUDY TWILIGHT OF HAROLD STASSEN — *William V. Shannon* 28
A White Knight begins dabbling in mud

Views & Reviews

4,000 MAYORS OF NEW YORK . . . . . *Carlo Levi* 31
Vincent Impellitteri's Sicilian homecoming

DREISER, ANDERSON, LEWIS, AND THE RIDDLE OF SOCIETY . . . . . *Lionel Trilling* 37
The traditional solitude of our greatest writers

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In this issue **The Reporter** has turned its spotlight on two problems instead of one. The editorial and leading article deal with the trouble spot of surging nationalism that is Egypt. Then we take up the State Department, which seems to be a chronic trouble spot at home. Along with the usual Congressional assaults on it, its past and present policies have been the target of a recent broadside from a man who used to be considered the brainiest of all its officials, George F. Kennan.

Alvin Rosenfeld spent several years in the Middle East as a correspondent for the New York *Post*. . . . **Theodore H. White** is a frequent contributor to this magazine. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: A Political Biography*. . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** is foreign editor of *Paris-Presse*. . . . **William V. Shannon** is a Washington correspondent for the New York *Post*. . . . **Carlo Levi,** author, physician, painter, politician, and a leader of the Italian resistance, is best known in the United States for his books *Christ Stopped at Eboli* and *The Watch*. . . . **Lionel Trilling,** professor of English at Columbia University, has written several critical works as well as a novel, *The Middle of the Journey*. . . . Cover by **Hallman;** inside cover photographs from Wide World and Black Star.

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For a Middle Eastern Policy

THE difficulties we face in Europe seem almost trivial compared to those that recent events in Iran and Egypt have forced on us. In Europe there are deadlocked or paralyzed Parliaments, elections in which the people have to choose between unpalatable alternatives, rulers so bedeviled by their internal opponents that the best part of their energies is spent in clinging to their seats of power. In Europe we have farmers who want some form of parity or subsidy, and industrial systems that have to be put into higher gear in the interest of capital and workers alike. The politics and economics of Europe can easily be described in terms we are familiar with: It is a job of translation, delicate enough yet one that is being done all the time.

But in the Middle East we find nations whose names bring back remote Biblical memories—ragged nations for the most part, ruled by absolute monarchs, with still-thriving feudal aristocracies. In these old countries, the democratic vogue has added little more than a few appurtenances, called Parliaments or parties, to the old ceremonial of power; and twentieth-century economics has made its influence felt just enough to increase the wealth of the few and the misery of the many.

Yet nationalism is at its rawest and wildest there. In Europe, the two major countries that have fought three deadly wars in a century are now determined to merge the most vital part of their economies through the Schuman Plan. In the Middle East, Iran and Egypt hug with fanatic fury what they think is *theirs*, even if the Abadan refineries rust into heaps of scrap, and no more ships sail through the Suez Canal.

FACE to face with these movements, our government has the duty of talking plainly and acting forcefully. What we say and what we do must be guided by clear and hard principles, since we have little or no previous experience to fall back on. The first of these principles is that no nation has the right to behave as if it were a world unto itself —not even a nation whose pride has been long hurt. We cannot afford in the Middle Eastern—or the Far Eastern—circuit a repeat performance of that tortured evolution from nationalism to internationalism, from unrestrained independence to organized interdependence, that the West is still going through at such a horribly high price.

National independence does not mean the right to set the world afire. In our days, there is no such thing as absolute property or absolute sovereignty. Our western concepts of sovereignty and of property have been refined over the centuries, subjected to varying degrees of discipline and control. Ownership of land no longer means ownership of the people who live on the land. That was the darkest kind of feudalism. The idea of absolute *mineness* that Egypt and Iran advance is about as feudal as their internal political orders.

Americans still obsessed with the anticolonial complex like to say that every newly independent country is entitled to make its own mistakes and evolve in its own good time. The leaders of these countries, it is said, are the belated equivalents of our Washingtons and Jeffersons, and this very belatedness should make us sympathetic rather than impatient. There is certainly some weight in these arguments, and certainly it would be insane to assume that these old and new countries could in short order adopt our conceptions of sovereignty and property. As for the Washingtons and Jeffersons of the Middle East, it is worth remarking that they like to drive Cadillacs.

ON THE other hand, if we have no choice but to bail out Britain in its present trials, we cannot pay for all the past liabilities that Britain has incurred. If the nationalist leaders in the East—Middle and Far—are often so spectacularly irresponsible, it should be remembered that not until recently did Britain awaken to the necessity of cultivating local leadership among the people it ruled or controlled. We must also avoid any repetition of what has already happened several times—in India, for instance, where Britain has succeeded in becoming more popular than we are with the people it once ruled.

In dealing with Middle Eastern nationalist leaders, we can be particularly candid since we have had no responsibility for the past colonial or semicolonial status of their countries. We are moved by the will to find, in every controversy, the solution which (a) is most compatible with the vital interests of the free world; and (b) will do most to improve the living conditions of the Middle Eastern people.

There is no reason why, given the potential wealth of the old Middle Eastern states, they must remain forever the backwash of civilization. There is no reason why the Iranians should not have a better deal for the oil that lies buried in their land, particularly if they are sensible enough to take the accelerated course in twentieth-century civilization that we are quite willing to set up for them. Egypt may be a different problem, perhaps eased by the fact that since 1946, thanks to the wisdom of Secretary Forrestal, our fleet has been in the Mediterranean.

In every step we take in the Middle East we must act as if we were the agent of the U.N.—not because the U.N. now can solve the Middle Eastern problem but because ultimately it will inherit any solution that we bring about. We must assume a large share of responsibilities and initiative, with the knowledge that one day we will render an account of our actions to the U.N. —and to the people of the Middle East.

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Egypt's Reckless Gamble

Although their army cannot fight a major campaign, the leaders of a corrupt Government have loosed the jinni of nationalism

ALVIN ROSENFELD

THE EGYPTIANS are embarrassingly aware, despite the heavy-handed censorship imposed on their newspapers, of the many escapades of their young monarch, King Farouk. But one talent they were unaware of until recently, and one that caused considerable eyebrow-raising even among the Egyptians, was Farouk's ability as a crooner. At an early hour one morning, before a cheering audience in a Riviera night club, Farouk rose heavily to his feet and gave a clear, if unremarkable, rendition of "O Sole Mio." The reaction in Egypt was typified by the comment of a lieutenant in the junior officers' club at Abbassia, a huge, sprawling army barracks outside Cairo. Surveying his brother officers, who, he felt, symbolized the deterioration of the Egyptian Army, he said to his companion: "Farouk better keep practicing his singing. That may be his only means of livelihood later on."

King and Army

In fairness to Farouk, it must be said that this is not the prevailing mood of all citizens of Egypt. Yet the waters of discontent are beginning to move closer and closer to the doors of Abdin Palace in Cairo. Farouk is shrewd enough to recognize the omens, but he is neither astute nor courageous enough to change his own role.

He relies on his right to rule by dictatorial fiat, on the traditional Arab humility and obeisance before royalty, and on his ability to find strong-armed partners to help keep him in power. But one thing that must grieve him at this critical hour is the hard, cold, and starkly realistic fact that he can no longer rely on his army.

Until the war with Israel, there were few people who did not go along with the popular and self-perpetuating legend that Egypt possessed a powerful, mobile army, well trained, well armed, and with an abundance of brave and capable foot soldiers ready to give their all for king and country. This fable was so deeply rooted in the minds of the Egyptians as well as western observers that an American embassy official cabled Washington on the outbreak of the Israeli war that the Egyptian Army would be in Tel Aviv in ten days and the war won within three weeks.

May, 1948, marked the first time in over a century that Egypt had fought a war of any kind. Through the past few decades, others have fought for Egypt, spared it the major ravages of

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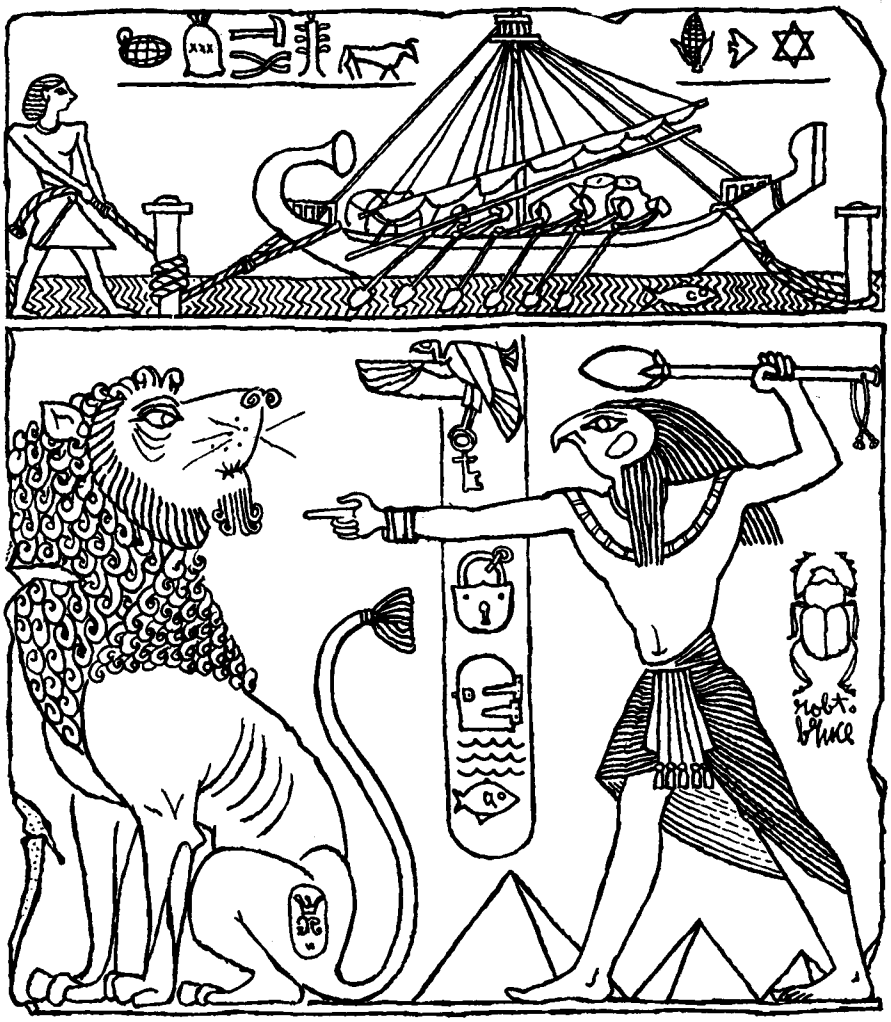

aggressors, and kept its supply lines open. The great Mohammed Ali, founder of the present dynasty and considered a modern Egyptian immortal, was an Albanian who came to Egypt with a group of mercenaries to fight Egypt's battles. During the Second World War, when a combined Nazi-Italian force stood ready to surge across Egypt's western frontiers, an American news-agency correspondent received this query from his home office:

CABLE THOUSAND WORDS WHETHER EGYPTIAN ARMY READY WILLING FIGHT IF ENEMY CROSSES BORDERS.

The correspondent's reply was a terse and pithy summation of Egypt's desire, willingness, and readiness for major conflict:

NO THOUSAND TIMES NO.

After Defeat, Scandal

The resounding defeat in the war with Israel finally and decisively gave the lie to the legend of Egypt's armed might. And early in 1951 an episode even more shameful than this took place. Prying newspapermen, frustrated in their attempts to tell the truth about the war, uncovered a whopper of an arms scandal. The story surpassed even the most fantastic tales of corruption that have become commonplace in Egypt's domestic life. Five million dollars' worth of military equipment had been either sold at a handsome profit to outside interests (some say to Israel) and the money pocketed by a few individuals, or that same sum had been dissipated in the purchase of outmoded and inferior equipment that gave fat commissions to the very same individuals.

As the story grew in the imaginative minds of the Egyptians, several top-ranking officers of the armed services were removed from their positions. But within a few months these same officers were reinstated, at the king's insistence, and the hand of Egyptian justice descended on Prince Abbas Halim, a renegade member of the royal family, whose fate and future Farouk was ready to offer as sacrifices to the public.

This, then, is the army on which the present Egyptian Government bases its refusal to join the Middle East Defense Organization proposed by the United States, Britain, France, and Turkey. This is the army which Egypt claims can defend the Suez Canal against outside aggression and on which the Government is today lavishing an immense thirty per cent of its national budget. The arms scandal can perhaps give a hint of how that money is being spent. The army could not at any time field a force much larger than fifty thousand.

Behind the Throne

The sad realities of the situation in Egypt have, rightly, caused much scurrying about in the Pentagon and the State Department to find some way of getting around an outright abrogation by Egypt of its international obligations under the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936. A vacuum could not be left in Egypt. American planning, caught off base, has been forced once again to make use of expediency, the line of patchwork and makeshift treaties rather than the well-founded and sense-making alliances that characterize NATO.

The kind of business that can be done with Egypt is best reflected in its Administration. The Wafd, the party in power, led by Prime Minister Mustafa el-Nahas Pasha, has even less to offer in the way of constructive cooperation with the great powers. The present Government came into power in 1950 and promptly tied to the tail of the outgoing Cabinet the tin can of defeat in Israel. It promised Egypt's

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twenty million citizens, wallowing in the lowliest of physical squalor, more freedom, higher wages, and new housing units. In the twenty months it has been in the driver's seat the Wafd has done little or nothing to raise the masses from economic bondage.

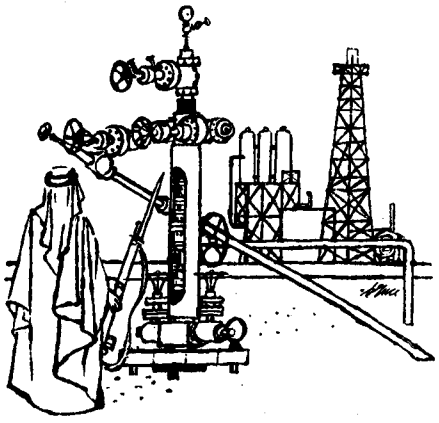
The Wafd Party is sagging under the burden of carrying within its ranks those elements who seek a closer alliance with the palace and those who feel that a more conciliatory line with the British would ultimately lead to political stability and independence. Many of its most prominent members have already left its ranks. The leader of the Wafd is not the Prime Minister but the razor-sharp and shrewd Minister of Interior, Fuad Serag el-Din, who is secretary-general of the party. Through close association with palace aides he has managed to ingratiate himself with the king. Through an alliance with Madame Nahas Pasha, he has made himself indispensable to the Prime Minister. His policies and governmental line have been accepted over the opposition of more respected leaders of the party, such as Naguib el-Hilali Pasha, the former Minister of Education; Dr. Taha Hussein, the present Minister of Education; and Dr. Hamed Zaki Pasha, the Minister of National Economy, who are now seeking other political affiliations.

Lining Pocket and Purse

Mere political power, however, is not enough for Serag el-Din. He has lined his own pockets and those of his family (four of his brothers have become millionaires) and has thrown many favors to the Prime Minister and his wife. Madame Nahas has become a leading landowner; she has managed to amass large blocks of shares in the most important industrial undertakings in the country; and her private purchases of villas and homes have become the subject of considerable unprinted gossip among the Egyptians.

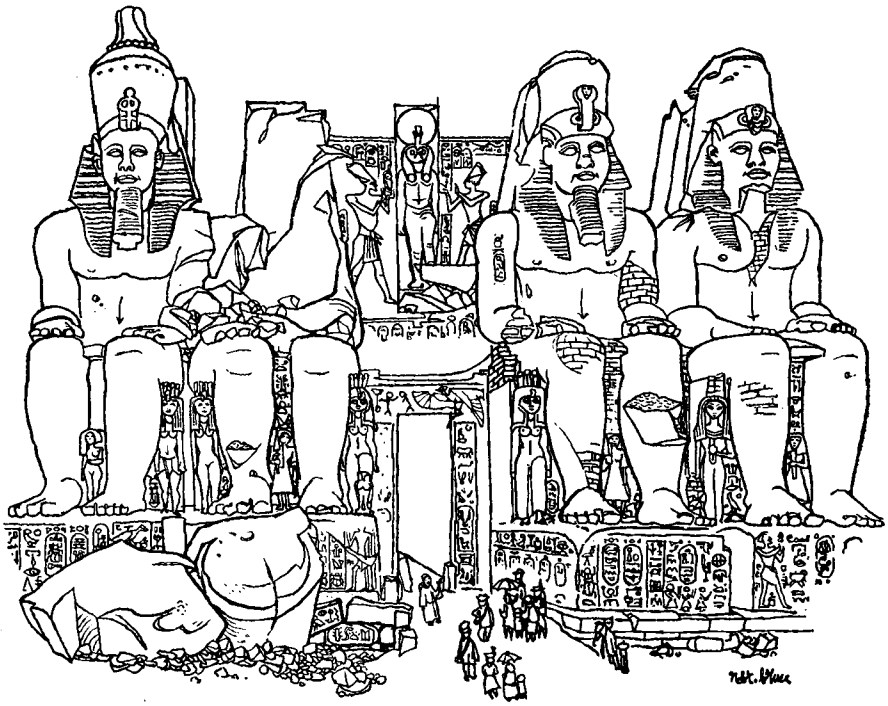
It should be pointed out, however, that not all Egyptian Administrations have been as corrupt as this one. During the Premiership of the late Nokrashy Pasha, an enlightened Cabinet instituted a series of reforms designed to give the masses low-cost housing, better education, and broader social services. It was Nokrashy Pasha's thesis that within a generation under a benevolent Administration, Egypt could do away completely with the great differences between the rich and the poor, offer many advancements to a growing middle class, and bring an honest civil service to the country. Nokrashy was assassinated three years ago in a rising tide of religious fanaticism.

Even in Nahas Pasha's present Cabinet there are men who find it intolerable that such conditions of poverty exist in Egypt in the twentieth century. Dr. Ahmed Hussein, Minister of Social Affairs, proposed in a recent



Cabinet meeting the promulgation of a law that would guarantee workers a minimum wage of twenty dollars a month. Dr. Hussein's colleagues immediately accused him of being a Communist. One Cabinet member revealed that he had employees in his Ministry who received about $5.50 a month. "How can I give a worker six pounds a month when my own people only receive two pounds?" Hussein's reply was terse: "Close your Ministry. How can government employees live on such a salary? They must resort to bribery and robbery."

The spectacle of King Farouk embracing Nahas Pasha is one that makes even the lethargic Egyptian public slightly suspicious. It was Nahas who was in power when the young Farouk ascended the throne in 1936, and it was not long before Farouk began to



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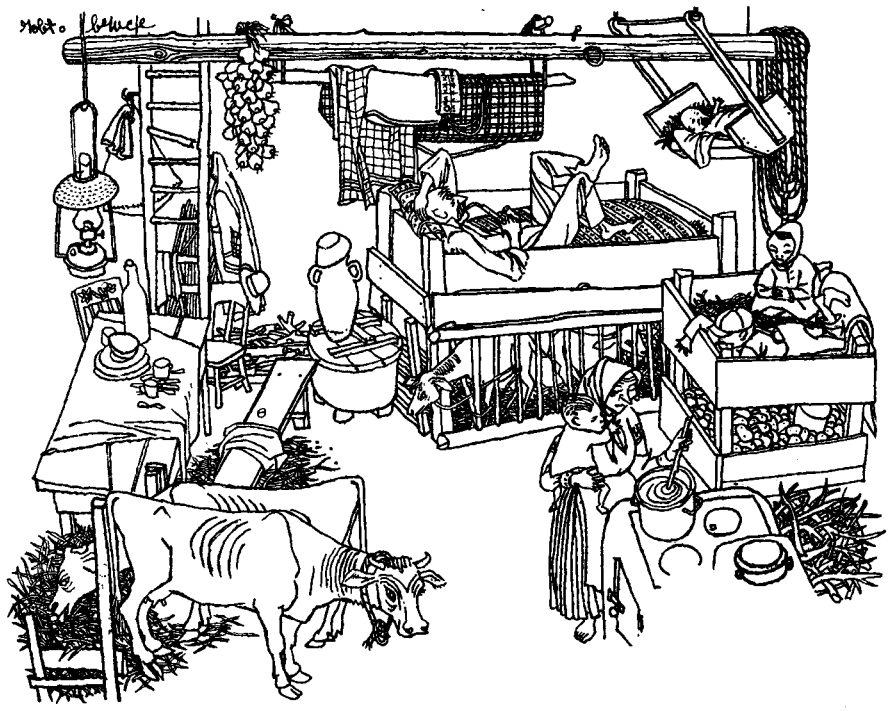


have friction with the Nahas régime. Again it was Nahas who was forced on Farouk when the British surrounded the palace in 1942 and forced Farouk either to abdicate or sign Nahas into power. There has been little if any love between them, and the spectacle of these two working hand in hand to oust the British and regain some domestic prestige is an odd commentary on Egypt's internal affairs.

Releasing the Jinni

The corruption in the army and in the Government meant in the end only one thing. The palace and the Cabinet would have to allow the people some way of letting off steam, to distract them from too close a scrutiny of what was actually being done with their wealth, their resources, and their strength. With Iran as an example, the Government unleashed the forces of nationalism and religious fanaticism and began a movement whose end result is yet to be gauged. The poor, embittered, and unhappy peasants and workers were exhorted to take to the streets in demonstration against the foreigners. Shops, offering handsome loot, were smashed; homes were entered; and in a well-timed if simulated attitude of indignation Prime Minister Nahas Pasha went to Parliament to call upon its members to heed the voice of the people and abrogate the treaty with Britain. Even the usually coldly calculating Foreign Minister, Mohammed Salah el-Din Pasha, who had never liked his particular function in the Cabinet and who, given half a chance, would have walked out of the party earlier, was infected with the virus of trumped-up popular enthusiasm. He went along with the trend of treating any proposal for mutual defense of the Suez Canal as outside of the realm of reality, and indicated privately and publicly that nothing but complete independence and union with the Sudan would satisfy the appetite of the aroused citizens of Egypt.

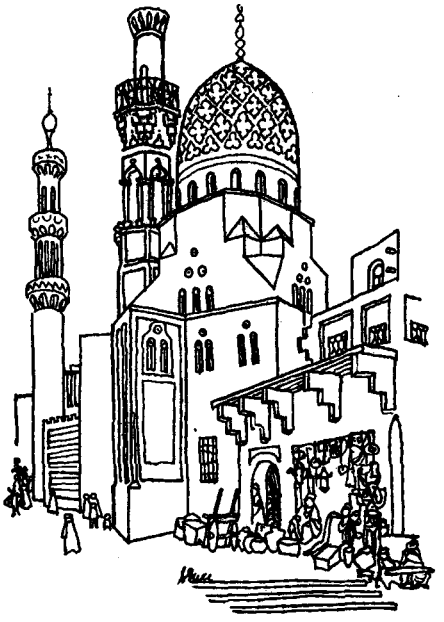
What is obviously not apparent to the Wafdists is that this release of pent-up nationalism, so necessary to maintain them in power and give the king his popular appeal, may engulf even them in the end. Into the streets have gone not only those who are generally paid (at a rate of twenty-five cents to a dollar a day) for demonstrating but also the remnants of the former Green Shirts, broken up during the war because they were too pro-Nazi; the hordes belonging to the potentially dangerous and ultra-fascist Moslem Brotherhood, a well-armed and heavily financed religious-nationalist organization whose symbol is the Koran crossed with swords and whose membership runs into hundreds of thousands; and the Young Wafdists, whose cry "Death to the foreigner!" may well sound the knell of any regional defense pact based on Egypt. These are not the usual riffraff, the poorly dressed, uninhibited, and fiercely individualistic demonstrators. These are political agitators who see in the present turn of events an opportunity of gaining tremendous political advantage and at the same time beating the so-called western imperialists with the sticks they, the western powers, have put into their hands.

This highly explosive atmosphere, an atmosphere in which even the most conservative elements in Egypt find it imperative to flout the combined requests of the great powers of the West, may well blast the Wafdists out of their high seats and bring into power a pseudo-nationalist Government with which the western powers would find it most distasteful and almost impossible to do business.

Many of the best minds in the Wafd Party have left it to join hands with these same religious fanatics because they feel that they represent the most likely heirs to government power. Within their ranks these former Wafdists hope to find public expression for the views they now find hopeless within the Wafdist ranks.

Appeasement and Nationalism

The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 was entered into by Egypt with as little or as much coercion as was used in the Japanese peace treaty. It served its purpose well during the Second World War and remains even today a document of some importance, which would



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in 1956 have led to the very same results now clamored for by Egypt in riotous demonstrations and huffings and puffings over the international council table. Unilateral abrogation by Egypt at this moment must be considered a tragic and fateful concession to those elements within the Egyptian community whose hatred for the West is strongest. Nationalism alone is not enough to make of any country a worthy blood brother and a companion at the table of democratic countries.

It would perhaps be a fate they richly deserve if after the reception they

have accorded the proposed Middle East Defense Organization, the Egyptians were left strictly alone, outside the pact and with no visible means of defense assistance.

Mere give and take, with the Egyptians playing hard to get, can do little to enhance the prestige of the western powers. It can only defeat the very purposes for which they are laboring so hard at present—the strengthening of democracies and the creation of postures of defense among firm allies. The Egyptians, like all other Arab countries, respect power. There must be no more appeasement such as that displayed in Iran and in other areas where fears of hurting nationalist movements have meant the loss of prestige and political advantage.

The Diplomat and the Dinosaur

Just to add to the problems of the State Department, a sharp attack on its past and present policy has come from the inside

MAX ASCOLI

In the summer of 1947, a Washington columnist came up with a striking piece of news that soon, via the *Reader's Digest* and *Life,* reached the millions at home and abroad: There was among the highest officials of the State Department a philosopher, George F. Kennan—a genuine yet readable philosopher. Mr. Kennan was revealed as the author of an article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," signed "X," which had appeared in the July issue of *Foreign Affairs.* This article showed that Mr. Kennan was the master of a style all his own—solemn, as becomes a statesman, but without any trace of philosophical fogginess or diplomatic evasiveness.

It was then Mr. Kennan's job, as director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, to project the course of foreign policy in long-range terms, and to contribute his well-tempered reason to the fashioning of day-by-day political decisions. That meant hard work for two, the diplomat and the philosopher, who operated as a team, one fulfilling and checking the other. When in 1950 it was announced that Mr. Kennan would take a year off at Princeton, all who admired him thought that the rest was well deserved. In the quiet of scholarly life, Mr. Kennan would not have to alloy his philosophy with politics. The country, no less than its supreme policymakers, could use the benefits of his unharried counsel.

A Sort of History

Now Mr. Kennan has published a book, *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950.* The unexpected and disheartening thing is that this first product of Mr. Kennan's unalloyed thinking turns out to be a message of unrelieved despair. The acid of Mr. Kennan's analysis has become so corrosive that it dissolves everything it touches. The publisher has announced in newspaper ads that this book "offers a practical plan for future action." As far as I can see, the only practical plan this book suggests is to sit down and cry.

In the first part of his book, composed of six lectures delivered at the University of Chicago, Mr. Kennan sets out to prove that during the last fifty years American foreign policy has been an uninterrupted series of mistakes. From the Spanish-American to the Second World War, from one Roosevelt to another, he says, our leaders have either backed the wrong countries or made war at the wrong time or kept peace when it would have been better to fight.

In Asia, we should all along have supported Japan rather than China, and certainly we should never have bothered with the Philippines. It would have been better to let Japan swallow them up, to have an Asian co-prosperity sphere that would now stand against Russian aggression.

Nor should we have demolished the Kaiser's Reich. If there had to be another war after the first one, it should have been between Russia and Germany, and if we had had any skill in the business of diplomacy, we would

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have found a way to encourage that conflict.

Mr. Kennan knows all the things that in each instance should have been done and weren't; but actually he admits that after the First World War there was little that our statesmanship could do. That war was the watershed of our times—a "nonsensical war," recklessly fought and thoughtlessly ended. Wilson saw the danger as late as January, 1917, when he proclaimed that there should be "peace without victory," but then he was sucked in.

Mr. Kennan goes on:

The Second World War was "predetermined" by the first. It "developed and rolled its course with the relentless logic of the last act of a classical tragedy." Bolshevism and Nazism, with their foreign policies that broke all the established diplomatic rules, had sprung from the senseless consummation of the First World War. The strength of France and Britain had been irremediably sapped, as the Second World War was to reveal. The number of the protagonists of international life, the great powers, had started diminishing in 1918 when the Allies let the Austro-Hungarian Empire go down. The process has moved on till now, in our time, there are only three—or two—great powers left.

The scarcity of great powers, Mr. Kennan thinks, has made it extremely difficult for diplomacy to do its job, which is constantly to readjust the balance of power. Peace has become precarious, and inflamed popular passion makes the maintenance of peace ever more precarious. The stakes of war have become boundless, Mr. Kennan says, for a democracy seems incapable of fighting anything less than a total war. This applies particularly to the greatest of democracies—ours.

George F. Kennan

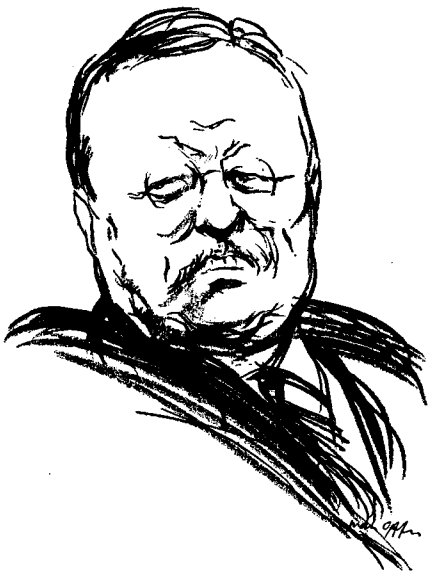
We Americans don't seem able to accept any responsibility as members of the international community without trying to make it anew. Either we hide in our own shell or we mix in foreign matters that are none of our business. This is the jumpy way American politics goes. "History does not forgive us our national mistakes," Mr. Kennan says, "because they are explicable in terms of our domestic politics . . . A nation which excuses its own failures by the sacred untouchableness of its own habits can excuse itself into complete disaster."

The Good Old Days

Here is a dire warning—one of the solemn, gloomy warnings to be found in this dire little book. There is something very close to religious fervor in the jeremiads with which Mr. Kennan castigates his thoughtless country. He is a good American and of course worries mostly about America; perhaps his anger has made him forget that the temptation to mix in other people's business can be found elsewhere.

It can be found, for instance, among the Russians, who have no Mr. Kennan to tell them that history is not going to forgive them because their national mistakes "are explicable in terms of . . . domestic politics." Indeed, the Communists will never willingly stop agitating until all men accept the destiny that, according to the Marxist theory of history, they cannot escape anyway. To the Communists' fanatic minds the existence of non-Communist governments anywhere in the world is both a threat to the internal régime of Soviet Russia and a hideous anachronism.

Communism has not been the only revolutionary movement to sweep across national boundaries and to press new loyalties on citizens of different countries. Fascism too has on occasion proved adept at cultivating quislings and fostering treason. To resist Communism and Fascism, those who believe in democracy must stand together



Theodore Roosevelt

and give each other a hand, irrespective of national boundaries, lest democracy perish from this earth.

Indeed, the most incredible cases of foreign interference have become everyday occurrences in our own country. About a year ago, Chinese interests cornered the Chicago soybean market, as they are still cornering the market of available or gullible legislators on Capitol Hill.

All the new revolutionary movements, all this interfering by everybody in everybody else's business, has certainly disrupted the diplomats' neat game. Up to the outbreak of the First World War, the power that the diplomats had to keep balanced was that of a few great nations and not of powerfully organized political parties and of vague but inflammable political sentiments that have no respect for passports and visas.

That was a world to live in: Diplomats took care of diplomacy, Germans of Germany, and we in the United States took care of ourselves, and little else. Mr. Kennan has no qualms about proclaiming himself "nostalgic" for those good old days.

Unfortunately, the diplomats' tribulations seem to have no end. On the international stage, the number of the great protagonists may be constantly diminishing so that now we have only the American tenor and the Russian baritone, interrupted at times by the British basso singing of old glories and new afflictions. But at the same time, the cast has become unmanageably en-

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larged. The stage is crowded with self-appointed, untrained players who want to act their role—or any role. Those who are on the side of Russia behave as they are told. But the others, those more or less on our side, plainly do not like to function as our chorus.

So here we are, in these very hard times. We cannot go back to the pre-First World War "Concert of Europe" era of the few protagonists all acting according to accepted standards of hard-headedness modified by the amenities. We cannot summon back the Austro-Hungarian Empire and ask Emperor Otto to check the quarrelsome nationalisms of eastern Europe.

The Germany of Adenauer, Schumacher, and Grotewohl cannot find new unity and strength under the rule of a new Wilhelm II. Mr. Kennan seems to be so lenient toward the Kaiser's Reich as to assume that throughout the war it wanted nothing more than what it was willing to settle for toward the end.

Incidentally, this tenderness toward the Hohenzollerns' Germany seems to be quite fashionable among political "realists." Perhaps some day in Washington a monument may be erected to the late Kaiser. If that happens, I hope the sculptor will not forget to put Ludendorff and von Tirpitz at their master's side—two arsonists whose devotion to evil compares with Hitler's.

Our mistaken judgment of the Kaiser is, in Mr. Kennan's opinion, only one of the countless blunders that our Presidents and Secretaries of State have made since our country, at the turn of the century, started emerging from its traditional isolation. Thoughtless military and political leaders started and ran the Spanish-American War. A Mr. Hippisley, an Englishman who was a high employee of the Chinese customs service and had married a Baltimore girl, sold John Hay the Open Door policy. And so on, from one Mr. Hippisley to another. Certainly the traditional journal-of-opinion liberalism—the firm belief that no American policy could be right, ever—has now received a solemn, authoritative vindication.

Mr. Kennan is also a philosopher, and not only a professional manipulator of history. But never in this book does he make the effort to distinguish between the accidental occasions of great historic events and their deeper, underlying causes. The Hippisleys might have been, at best, the unglamorous equivalents of Cleopatra's nose. History plays strange tricks on men, and sometimes uses ludicrous accidents to usher into existence powerful new trends. The role of philosophy—and of statesmanship—is to understand the new trends and see how and under what conditions they can be utilized or tempered. But this is not Mr. Kennan's role—at least in this book.

Actually, it is hard to understand what Mr. Kennan is after. He is too sophisticated to resort to the commonplaces of our present-day isolationists. But certainly he fails to find any single redeeming feature in the halting course we have followed since we started participating in world affairs.

The Way Out, If Any

Of course Mr. Kennan is a responsible man, and does not skirt the question "What can we do about it all?" He gives his answer throughout the book, particularly in the last of his Chicago lectures and in two *Foreign Affairs* articles reprinted in the second part—the one that made him famous and a more recent one entitled "America and the Russian Future."

We must relearn the "forgotten art of diplomacy from which we have spent fifty years trying to escape." We must avoid the moralistic "carrying-over into the affairs of states of the concepts of right and wrong, the assumption that state behavior is a fit subject for moral judgment." Briefly, we should be ready "to admit the validity and legitimacy of power realities and aspirations, to accept them without feeling the obligation of moral judgment, to take them as existing and inalterable human forces, neither good nor bad, and to seek their point of maximum equilibrium rather than their reform or their repression."

Woodrow Wilson

This means, of course, balance of power. But it takes two to keep the balance of power, just as it takes two to get married. At present, we are faced by the Soviet empire, a rather uncomfortable partner, for any balancing effort of ours is denounced by the Soviet leaders as encirclement and warmongering. Surprisingly, Mr. Kennan does not advise us to accept the "validity and legitimacy" of Soviet power realities and to "seek their point of maximum equilibrium rather than their reform or their repression." What is equally surprising, in view of his own theory, is that he did not favor acknowledging the validity and legitimacy of Hitler's power realities either—probably because Neville Chamberlain had tried the technique of acknowledgment. One wonders why Mr. Kennan bothered to suggest a balance-of-power theory at a time when it cannot be applied to the only antagonistic power that keeps us unbalanced. The policy of containment, one gathers, is just a stopgap.

It's rather a shocking experience to reread the old essay signed "X." For, seen in the context of Mr. Kennan's gloomy philosophy of history, his containment policy turns out to be singularly threadbare. On one side, we have the Communist world that we know is out to conquer us, according to a timetable we cannot foresee; on the other side, we have, as the dominant power in the non-Communist world, this nation of ours that during the last fifty years has been thoughtlessly led and has developed the most disastrous habits in the conduct of international affairs. The Communists have no greater obstacle in their march of conquest than what Mr. Kennan calls our "diplomacy by dilettantism."

Perhaps the Kennan policy of con-

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tainment is based on the assumption that the Russian leaders, with whom we cannot establish any sort of reasonable communication, are at least as sensitive to the outside world as Pavlov's dog. If they cannot and do not want to understand us, we can still try to condition their reflexes. If, every time they exert pressure on the non-Communist world, counterpressure is exerted and a bell rings, then perhaps their nerves will some day become so conditioned that we will have only to ring the bell. Perhaps the policy of containment is based on the hope that Pavlov's dog may develop into a diplomat—a partner in the balance-of-power game.

It must be observed also that when Mr. Kennan first formulated the theory of containment, in 1947, our country could do little more than ring a bell, so feeble was our military establishment. But now containment, the substitute for balance of power, is leading us into a situation where the balance of armed power, to be reached in a few years, is our major aim. This has made our diplomacy the carbon copy of our strategy and has left little or no room for the initiative of the diplomats. It seems obvious that Mr. Kennan is not happy with this state of things. Yet he is considered the author of the policy of containment.

Actually, Mr. Kennan has practically no hope that any of his suggestions of "relearning diplomacy" will ever be accepted: "I am afraid the chances of change in the direction I have indicated are so slight that we must dismiss the possibility as one that might have any particular relevance to our present problems."

The American Example

To the question "What can we do about it?" Mr. Kennan has a final answer: "The most important influence that the United States can bring to bear upon internal development in Russia will continue to be the influence of example: the influence of what it is, and not only what it is to others but what it is to itself." This is something we have heard before—in the old days of America First. Only the tone is different. Mr. Kennan launches with Calvinistic fervor his appeal to build the new Geneva. Justification by example is our best chance of salvation.

For about twenty centuries, since

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Christ taught men the lesson that, as Learned Hand has said, they have never learned and never forgotten, the principle has been enshrined that we have no right to be harsh with other people unless we know how to be harsh with ourselves. But the responsibility of every human being toward himself, his neighbors, and his God can never be confused with the responsibility of a political entity—a nation. Particularly when this nation happens to be a rather complex one, with over one hundred and fifty million people who are all supposed to enjoy the same rights. Even if we acquired the largest possible percentage of near-angels in our midst, how could we prevent instances of bigotry and crime that our enemies would immediately broadcast to the whole world as evidence of our national wickedness?

Though Mr. Kennan hates moralism in politics, he urges our nation to mend its ways and become a paragon of moral and political perfection. He lashes our political habits with unrestrained anger. He wonders whether democracy is not similar to a prehistoric dinosaur with "a brain the size of a pin." These, considering that the dinosaur died out quite a few years ago, are strong words. I would hesitate to use them even to describe the pre-First World War type of diplomacy.

Mr. Kennan is of course a high-principled, cultivated man, and perhaps he has not noticed that it has become fashionable nowadays to denounce what are supposed to be the mistakes of our foreign policy. The ignorant or the mean see in these real or alleged mistakes the evidence of conspiracy, and look for sacrificial lambs. Of course, they don't go as far back as Theodore Roosevelt or Wilson; they are satisfied with rummaging through the State Department files or the grave of Franklin Roosevelt.

The Whole Nursery

It is a pity, a great pity, that this man, from whom one was entitled to expect the best, came to write such a book. It is a particular shame, since many of his concrete criticisms of our foreign policy could have been developed in a constructive way. There is an urgent need in our day to re-examine the basic tenets of our foreign policy, to draw the lessons from our recent experience, and to see how we can act more wisely in the immediate future. We cannot keep reciting that the aim of our country is to safeguard the sacredness of the individual, or relying on free and unfettered elections, as the saying goes, as the sure-fire remedy that will settle the internal difficulties of all nations. Nor can we go from one total war to another, lavishing destruction on enemy nations and then spending billions of dollars to rebuild them.

We will perhaps reach the conclusion that though Franklin Roosevelt was, as Henry Stimson said, the greatest commander-in-chief our nation ever had, we cannot in the present conflict with Russia follow the precedents he established when he led us to victory—the unconditional-surrender policy, the entrusting of sweeping political power to the military, and the granting of full-ally status to unsavory co-belligerents.

Just when there is such an overhauling job to be done, we have let our thinking become sluggish and arteriosclerotic. We have made ourselves the victims of unmanageable absolutes called isolationism, world government, absolute war, and absolute peace. Now there seems to be a new one, at least for those who follow Mr. Kennan: absolute diplomacy that can always set the world straight if only it is left undisturbed.

The job that has to be done now—a job that is not "preconditioned" to fail on account of the First World War

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or of Pat McCarran—is the revision of all of our basic principles to see what their limits are, and under what conditions they can best be applied. Of course, the dignity and the rights of the individual are our supreme values; but if we want really to take care of him, we must see that the concrete individual is assisted in the social context of which he is a part—his business, his trade union, his church, his community. Of course, we cannot be indifferent to the suffering of people in other parts of the world. And, of course, our country must intervene in the domestic affairs of other nations, but it is extraordinarily important to determine, in all these joint enterprises, what we can do and what performance we must expect from the people we assist.

The list of "of courses" can go on. Whatever Mr. Kennan says, there is room for legalism and there is room for moralism in the conduct of our foreign affairs—provided we know how to set legal and moral standards that are not so narrow as to ratify whatever exists or so remote as to be ludicrous and unworkable. We certainly need to keep the principle of the equality of all nations—one nation, one vote—as a partial corrective to the inequality of power, just as we need the principle of the equality of all citizens within our nation as a partial corrective to the inequality of wealth or talent.

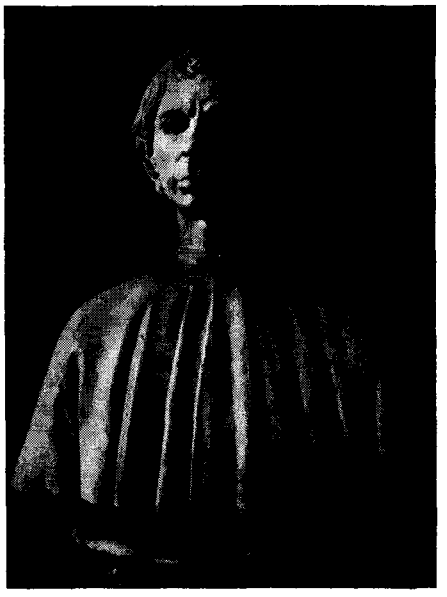
The trouble with Mr. Kennan is that, irritated by the way some of our most vital principles have become devitalized or overextended, he has burst out in a denunciation of nearly all of them. He has no use for the U.N. or for small powers or for legalism or for moralism, for war aims or for peace aims—all the very things that must be made specific and workable. I have seldom seen such a wholesale throwing away of babies with the bath—practically the whole nursery.

Actually, we may or may not need to revert to the balance of power, but we certainly need a balance of mind discriminating and responsible. We need it particularly when we come to consider the problems of power, how it is distributed, how it is utilized. It is not necessarily for all time neatly stacked in big bundles, capped by the flags of great nations. In our days power is widely distributed, even if some of the old or new nations that wield it don't yet know how to use it properly. This demands an enormous job of political engineering everywhere, but particularly in the countries that are experimenting with their newly won independence and may waste it recklessly. But we will never know anything about power or its use if we go on thinking that the only stable, humane order possible in the world is the one that prevailed up to 1914.

In our time, power is being woven according to a pattern of interlocking continental and intercontinental alliances and federations, around a hub, the U.N. From our country, at this stage, comes most of the energy to keep the wheels going. The function of statesmanship—and of philosophy—is to understand the emerging design, to improve on it, and to accelerate the pace of its realization. The more we advance, the closer we bring the day when that ghastly secession from civilization—Communism—will reach its end.

The Machiavellians

As an example of a well-balanced mind applied to the study of power, I would like to suggest a man who, for some reason, has become the idol of



Nicolò Machiavelli

all our political "realists": Nicolò Machiavelli. There has been a rash of Machiavellianism in our country recently, of a rather dilettantish and trivial variety. But Machiavelli's thinking, for those who are familiar with it, is quite different from the cliché of the end justifying the means, and the immorality or amorality of politics. Machiavelli's thinking developed at a time when the two universals of the Church and of the Empire had crumbled, and the national states were coming into existence. He firmly acknowledged the situation, and tried to grasp what he used to call "the sense of history." There was little or no morality in the way the national states were being formed, and he acknowledged that. He was for a surgically controlled use of violence, and had no use for wholesale, promiscuous bloodletting.

In our times, however, the national state that Machiavelli recognized as the new form of power is undergoing a process of radical transformation. New universal or at least world-wide concentrations of power, like Soviet Russia or the United Nations, have come into being, and their struggle is on.

It has become nearly impossible in our days to define in concrete, measurable terms what are the precise boundaries of "national interest." Finally, the undeniable presence of evil in our times, whether it is called Stalin or Hitler, and the fact that this evil is world-wide in appetite and scope, have made imperative the militant organization of men of good will for the survival of what is right. For I don't think it is rhetoric to say that the stake in modern politics is man's soul.

If our present-day Machiavellians had lived in Machiavelli's time, they would have tried to rebuild the fallen power of either the Church or the Empire. They would have tried to defend the political order that had prevailed for so many centuries. They would have been with the feudal lords against the kings, just as today they are nostalgic for the Kaiser's Germany.

Machiavelli is something else again. He was the first to apply himself to the study of the trends of history. He recognized in the national state the most adequate engine for the utilization of power in his time—an engine that men could maneuver if they did not want to let themselves be swept like logs on a "preconditioned" course. Politics, he used to say, is a fifty-fifty affair—fifty per cent necessity that you must knuckle down to, but fifty per cent will power, if only you have the stamina and the resourcefulness to use it.

Perhaps Mr. Kennan could take another year off and study Machiavelli.

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What's Wrong With the State Department?

DOUGLASS CATER

AMONG THE State Department's twenty-two top officials, there are two investment bankers, six lawyers (three from sizable corporate practice), three men from big business, an oil-company official, a career Army colonel, the president of a college, and the editor of an anti-Administration news magazine. Four are Republicans; six are Democrats from the Deep South. On the face of it, it might appear that the department is being taken over by Wall Street and rank conservatism.

Yet these officials stand accused of conduct bordering on treason. The American Legion, in convention, recently demanded that all of them be dismissed at once. Public-opinion surveys indicate that large groups of Americans believe that they have Communist leanings, are protecting Communist subordinates, and have framed a pro-Communist foreign policy. Though our State Department is far from the equivalent of the British Foreign Office and must share responsibility for policy at least with Congress and the Defense Department, when it comes to blame these twenty-two men have a monopoly.

Not only is the department reviled throughout the country; its legislative record, the balance sheet of any government agency, has been going from bad to worse. Formerly reliable friends, like Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Tom Connally, have lambasted the department at the slightest provocation. In the spring of 1951, the bill providing grain for India was passed after several hitches, including the alienation of Chairman James P. Richards of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, who after Connally is the most important member of Congress the department must deal with. Before this, the Kem amendment, which potentially could have nullified much of the foreign-aid program, had passed Congress with scarcely a protest, and the passage of an even tougher amendment was barely avoided, no thanks to State Department strategists; the Mutual Security Act was thrown out of kilter by excessive cuts in the economic-aid provisions, and Congress made several efforts to remove most of the department's authority for co-ordinating the program; finally, the overseas-information program was slashed after officials testifying for it received probably the roughest treatment in Senate Appropriations Committee history.

Objectively, the department is not exclusively to blame for all its disasters. In its toughest period, the ordeal by McCarthyism was perhaps the extra burden that it should not have been expected to bear. But expected or not, McCarthyism shows no signs of disappearing. The department must find some drastic cures for its ailing domestic diplomacy.

Too Proud to Fight

In meeting the challenge during the past twenty months, the State Department has vacillated between being too proud to fight and throwing a few but not always well-aimed uppercuts. When it has adopted the former attitude, it has usually found that if it did not defend itself, no one would. When it has tried to fight back, the department has faced a real dilemma. A government office, hampered by its cumbersomeness as a bureaucracy and its secretiveness as a foreign office, is not well equipped for such warfare. More than that, it has been handicapped by the media in which such fights are mostly conducted. The defense has had to be cut to the pattern of the wire services, which is, in one word, speed. If McCarthy makes a charge in the morning, it must be answered in the afternoon, or the next day at the very latest. The department is at a double disadvantage: First, the denial never rates the same headline size as the accusation; more important, the department's answers, unlike the charges, must meet certain standards of accuracy.

An example of this arose when Press Officer Mike McDermott denied Harold Stassen's recent charge that at a White House conference "in early 1950 or late 1949" Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup had recommended the "dramatic" unloading of supplies destined for Nationalist China. Stassen was wrong on three counts: First, the conference was held in February, 1949; second, Jessup was not there; and third, the recommendation was made by Major General David G. Barr, senior U.S. military representative in China, who proposed that no further supplies be shipped pending further clarification of the situation. The idea was to prevent arms from falling into the hands of the Communists.

A quick check of the files, based on Stassen's data, produced no record of a conference, so McDermott first denied that it had ever taken place. The next day, when McDermott had to retract his denial—though he was careful to explain the circumstances—the department was made to look unreliable, if not mendacious. It also provided Stassen with an excuse to appear before the Sparkman subcommittee and further muddy the issues surrounding Jessup's nomination.

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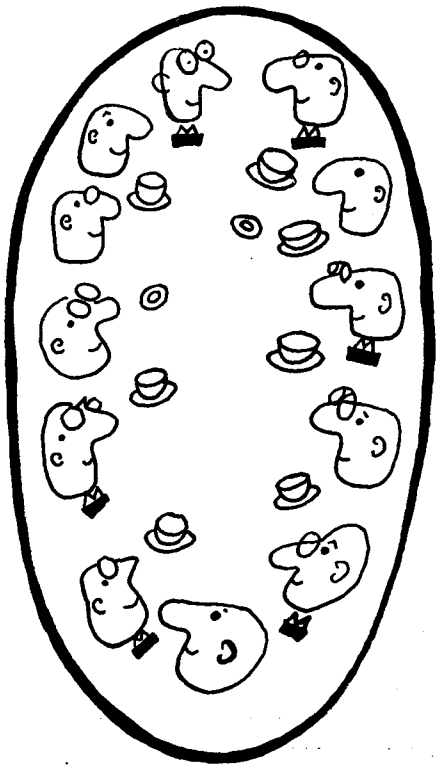
Another weakness in the department's defense of itself stems from the predominance of legal minds at the top. The brief Acheson delivered at the MacArthur hearing was one to impress any trial lawyer. Other statements, usually prepared by Adrian Fisher, the State Department's legal adviser, reflect a similar grounding in the fundamentals of law. The points at issue are taken up one by one; there is a neat balancing of conflicting evidence but none of the emotional impact that gives momentum to the charges. This unwillingness, or perhaps inability, of the lawyer to let the witness sound human doesn't always produce public sympathy. Not only that, but by the time the reporter has translated the brief, it is often unintelligible. He skims off the major points, leaving the supporting material buried in the records. The accuser picks one of the more obscure points—and takes aim. Committee members, also mostly lawyers, sometimes look for petty examples of possible perjury; and the real significance of the hearings may be all but lost.

War of Words

To illustrate: Jessup made the now-famous remark to the Foreign Relations subcommittee that the department had "never considered recognition of Communist China." Later he said he had used "considered" in the sense of "to give thought to with the view of accepting"—a legitimate Webster definition. But "consider" also means "to think of with care." Jessup elaborated on the department's actions in this regard, but at best this was an evasive way of treating what was certainly a politically dangerous subject.

Most newspaper accounts picked up the "never considered" and did not bother to amplify what Jessup had meant. Thereupon Stassen, calling to mind several facts with which to refute that fact (all revolving around this same misgotten word "consider"), rushed to Washington to "prove" that the witness had lied. Because State Department lawyers had been very careful of their facts, they were able to demonstrate—in time—that Stassen was mistaken. But the court of public opinion—and the opinions of three out of five of the subcommittee—were not so easily dissuaded.

It may be that statements to Congressional committees and press releases are not the best defense weapons in the first place. Certainly it is ridiculous for the State Department to confine its defense to these two devices, plus an occasional speech. The McCarthy attack has lasted long enough and attracted enough concern to justify a White Paper on the "State Department's Loyalty Record," which would review the problem and discuss frankly how it has been dealt with. The paper might even tactfully allude to the curious paradox that the department was castigated a few years back for its ruthlessness in ridding itself of security risks. In 1947 Bert Andrews, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* attacked what he considered the department's Draconian loyalty practices in a series of articles, later published in his book, *Washington Witch Hunt,* and won himself a Pulitzer Prize. That same year, Representative Bartel J. Jonkman (R., Michigan) assured the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress that "there is one department in which the known or reasonably suspected subversives, Communists, fellow travelers, sympathizers, and persons whose services are not for the best interests of the United States, have been swept out. That is the Department of State." The White Paper might also discuss openly some of the employees whom McCarthy has slandered. This it has so far been unwilling to do because of its rather curious concept of protecting the individual.



For example, McCarthy recently named a woman employee who he said had worked for the Russian government in Turkey for three years. "Of course," he told the Senate, "the Russians do not hire people in their embassies unless they are Communists." The department has not yet bothered to explain that this woman, who is a translator for the Voice of America in New York, was employed in the early 1920's by the White Russian government in exile.

Call In a Republican?

Not all the State Department's misfortunes on the Hill grow out of McCarthyism by a long shot. Its dealings with Congress reveal, above all, an appalling weakness in salesmanship. The department constantly fails to pay enough attention to the never-ending tactical planning that must underlie any executive agency's battle with the legislative branch.

Secretary Acheson should be as aware of this problem as anyone. During his period as Assistant Secretary, and later as Under Secretary from 1944 to 1947, he handled Congressional relations for the department with great adroitness and success. With the help of a corps of skilled assistants, he mapped out each legislative program like a military campaign and helped steer most of the postwar covenants through Congress.

In 1949, the Hoover Commission Task Force on the State Department, recognizing that Congressional relations had fallen on bad days after Acheson's resignation as Under Secretary in 1947, went to great lengths to specify what sort of man was needed for the job. He should, according to the report, be neither one who had been sheltered too much from "the winds of politics," nor one who depended heavily on the "crony approach." He must be able to serve effectively as an interpreter of the department to Congress and of Congress to the department. He must be a man of substance, having ready access to the department's policy councils.

Despite this advice, Acheson, when Secretary, chose a man whose major

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claim for the job was fifteen years' experience as clerk for the House Appropriations Committee. Assistant Secretary Jack McFall gets along all right with Congressmen, most of whom think of him as a former employee. But none has any illusions that McFall participates in the department's inner circles. A few have remarked that his appointment reflects the general lack of regard that the State Department shows for Congress.

Naturally, if every Congressman had his way, all officials of the department, from the Secretary down, would consult him daily. Nevertheless, it would seem that a happy medium could be reached. One instance of skillful tactics was the superb way John Foster Dulles handled the Japanese treaty on the Hill. By holding frequent breakfast meetings, by soliciting advice from selected members, Dulles developed a sense of participation in Congress. "If things would always go that smoothly," said a Democratic Senator, "I'd be willing to have the State Department call in a Republican every time."

However, not every problem is so well suited to this type of treatment. Still, Secretary Acheson has suffered from a failure to use some of the techniques which made him successful as Assistant Secretary. During the two weeks of late August and early September, 1950, the department was reaching important decisions about sending ground troops to Europe. On September 11, the day he was leaving for a Foreign Ministers' meeting in New York, the Secretary outlined his plans before a joint gathering of the Senate Foreign Relations and the House Foreign Affairs Committees. A later check showed that Acheson had talked with only two Senators, Harry Cain of Washington and Elbert Thomas of Utah. The inadequacy of this consultation played a direct part in helping precipitate the tedious "Great Debate" the following January.

No Pork Barrels

The department's weakness on the Hill of course is closely related to its lack of active support throughout the country. Unlike the Departments of Labor and Agriculture, State has no special constituents to rely on; unlike the Department of Defense, it does not spend huge sums at home.

Under the direction of an able and persuasive Boston lawyer, Francis Russell, the department conducts a public-information program which is quite good for long-run educational purposes. It sends out pamphlets, supplies speakers, and holds foreign-policy conferences for representatives of private groups and organizations both in Washington and in the rest of the country. Its technique has been to explain its operations to the most informed segments of the public and hope that the knowledge will seep downward—probably the only way to operate with the funds available.

But the program shies away from politically hot issues even if they vitally affect U.S. foreign policy or the department itself. For example, nothing has been published on the problem of East-West trade, despite the trouble it caused this year in the Kem amendment and despite the likelihood of a flare-up in Congress again next year.

Because the department is not permitted to explain itself adequately to the public, the public in turn does not insist that Congress let the department explain itself. It will take a certain amount of skill and courage to break out of this vicious circle.

More than anything else, the department needs strong direction from the top to rectify its weak position on the home front. The Hoover Commission Task Force envisoned that the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs should act as a high-level director of press and other public relations. In practice, Assistant Secretary Edward Barrett has neither time nor inclination to handle this job. He has devoted his major energies to the foreign-information program.

Lacking strong direction, the various branches of the department dealing with Congress and the public fight their battles in unco-ordinated fashion. Most isolated of all is the office of Special Assistant for Press Relations Mike McDermott, a white-haired veteran of twenty-seven years' service in the department's press office, who has held on to this job long enough to watch the entries and exits of nine Secretaries. His office makes preparations for the Wednesday-morning press conference, a stodgy affair from which reporters expect little; instead, they depend on a widespread system of "leaks" in the department—certainly a dangerous method of releasing information.

Neither McDermott nor his assistants are permitted to sit in at policy councils. When, for example, the Big Three Foreign Ministers met in Washington last September, press officers from both the British and the French Foreign Offices, but none from the U.S. State Department, attended the sessions and briefed correspondents afterward.

A Quick Way

On September 5, 1950, Senator Andrew F. Schoeppel (R., Kansas) rose in the Senate to accuse Secretary Oscar L. Chapman and other top officials of the Department of the Interior of "strong and close personal alliance with the Russian Soviet cause." Within forty-eight hours Secretary Chapman had demanded and received an opportunity to face his accuser. Two days later, the Senate Republican Policy Committee announced lamely that it was not supporting Senator Schoeppel in his charges. By the end of the week he had become the laughingstock of Washington.

Though there are obvious differences between the two situations, Secretary Chapman's aggressive behavior might be a good example to the State Department.

Many years ago Henry Adams remarked: "The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore." Now Congress has so thoroughly recognized the existence of the outside world that it ignores the State Department and tries to take over the making of foreign policy. Not even the complacent Pollyanna could call this a healthy state of affairs.

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The Downfall of a Communist

When Kurt Mueller was summoned to east Berlin, his woman thought he had been chosen for a secret mission . . .

THEODORE H. WHITE

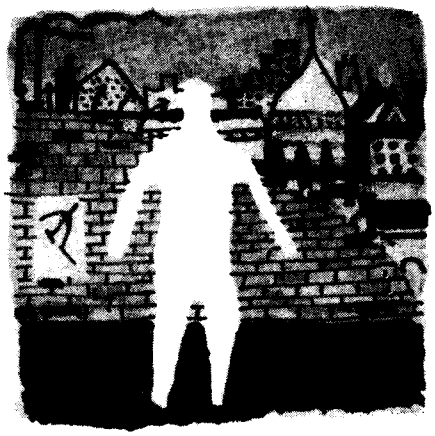
WHEN I heard that Kurt Mueller had been kidnaped by the Russians last year, I decided that was the last I would ever hear of him. I was rather sad, because however brief and contentious our meetings had been I had rather liked him.

I kept thinking back to our last meeting several months before, and wondering whether it was written into whatever dossiers the Soviet police had been preparing for him.

When I first came to West Germany in 1949, Mueller was the highest-ranking Communist leader not in jail, and when I called on him we had a sharp but friendly talk about German politics. A year later, when I returned, I found him elected to the new Bundestag in Bonn, installed in a huge sunlit office in the German Parliament Building as a Communist Deputy.

He was in a mellow mood, and we were talking quietly when he looked up beyond me at someone who had just entered the room.

"Fisch," he said, "Walter Fisch, one of our Deputies. Herr White, an American journalist," making the introduction. I stood up to shake hands but our fingers had barely touched when Fisch let go. "American journalist, American journalist. Liar! All American journalists are liars. I know them all!" he shrieked. His attack was so sudden that I thought certainly the man must be joking, until I turned to Mueller for a confirming smile. Mueller was a man with a round, dark face, and sunken, abnormally sad eyes that had seemed tired from the day I first met him. Mueller's face, I saw, had suddenly



turned gray, and his mouth was slightly open as if in fear.

Fisch was in full voice from the first sentence. "A man should have more sense these days than to talk to an American journalist!" he bellowed, loud enough for the people in the far end of the room to hear. Soon I had had enough, and saying, "If you will excuse me, Herr Fisch, I must go now," I turned back to Mueller, asked him for some material he had previously mentioned, and left.

A Rock in Water

A week later Mueller made a trip to East Germany, where he was kidnaped by the Communist Party police, and subsequently denounced as an American agent. The denunciation made quite a story for a few days in the German press; then silence closed in and Kurt Mueller disappeared like a rock in water.

I thought that was the end of his story, but when I came once again to Germany a few months ago, a letter was waiting for me in Frankfurt from Frau Heta Fischer, Mueller's *Lebenskameradin* and mother of his child. Frau Heta Fischer wondered whether I, as one of the last people who had talked to Mueller, could throw any light on his disappearance. Would I soon be passing through Hanover, where she lived, and might we talk?

Another errand brought me to Hanover a few days later, and I telephoned her from the hotel as soon as I arrived. She called to take me to her house where we could talk.

Most woman functionaries of the Communist Party I have met in Europe are either large, round women dressed in the shabby robes of hunger and poverty, or else the feminine thyroid type, all voice and vigor without body. Heta Fischer was a Viking beauty. Her golden hair was combed closely back from a long, beautifully boned face, and her red sweater, gray suit, and tan trench coat, although well worn, clung tightly and still fashionably to her tall body.

The last time she had seen Kurt Mueller, she said, was on March 21, about a week after I had talked with him in Bonn.

The spring of 1950 was a nervous time for everyone in the leadership of the West German Communist Party, she explained. Communist strength in West Germany had been dropping steadily and everyone knew a scapegoat would have to be found. The party in West Germany, she said, takes its orders from Walter Ulbricht, the Communist boss in East Germany, and

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Ulbricht takes his orders from the Russians in Berlin. Now, the Russians were putting the heat on Ulbricht for the failures in West Germany, and Ulbricht was putting the heat on the West German party.

The most important West German leaders were Max Reimann, nominally the No. 1 Communist of West Germany, and Kurt Mueller, No. 2. The two were rivals, and the balance between them depended on the favor of Ulbricht and the Russians. All through 1948, it was Mueller who had shone in Ulbricht's favor; that year he had made six trips to Berlin to bring back instructions for the western party. But in 1949, as the western party's strength slipped, a certain coolness enveloped Mueller; he had made only two missions to Berlin that year, while his rival, Reimann, had had a stroke of good fortune. Reimann had been arrested in 1949 by the British for a breach of the occupation law in the Ruhr, and his short jail term had made him a Cominform hero, armoring him with cheap martyrdom. It was altogether a very uneasy period in the party, for someone was sure to be sacrificed for error and already one or two of the minor captains had been disciplined, disgraced, or forced into the dangerous drudgery of underground work.

The Summons

On Tuesday evening, March 21, Mueller had just come back from a long trip to Frankfurt and was sitting in the warmth of his kitchen in Hanover drinking after-dinner coffee, feeling tired but well. His mother had slipped over from the Soviet Zone (she lived in east Berlin) to visit them, and Mueller was extremely fond of his mother. Frau Mueller had joined the German Communist Party immediately after the First World War, brought her children up in the Communist youth movement, and sent young Kurt off to finish his education in Russia in the early 1930's. She was very proud now of Kurt's exalted position in the Communist hierarchy.

Mueller was happy for another reason that night. He and Heta Fischer were finally planning to be married. They had waited a long time after their baby had been born for approval of the marriage by the Central Secretariat of the party in Berlin, which insists on investigating marriages involving high functionaries of the party. But now, Kurt and Heta believed, that approval was about to be forthcoming, and they hoped to be married on Easter Sunday, just a little more than two weeks away.

At nine o'clock that evening Yup rang the bell. There was nothing you would notice about Yup if you passed him in the street, said Heta—a stocky man with curly blond hair. But he was deep in the most secret party work, a courier bearing high-level messages between the Soviet Zone and the western party.

Yup was in a hurry; he could not even stay for coffee. His message was simple: Mueller must be ready to start for east Berlin at four o'clock in the morning. A car would come from Brunswick, forty-five miles away, to take him to the zonal border by the usual route. Mueller was glad to be called again, because Berlin was where decisions were made, and he told Heta and his mother he would certainly be back before Sunday.

By Sunday, Mueller had not returned nor had any word come from him. On Monday, Heta called Max Reimann's house in Frankfurt. Reimann's wife answered the phone, said her husband was asleep, and then in a surprisingly sharp, curt voice told Heta to relax and stop worrying. Heta called friends in the East Zone and received the same noncommittal answers. Wherever Heta asked, the answer always was simply that Mueller was all right, on a secret mission, and the less said the better. Heta was an old Communist, bred too long in party discipline to question deeply, and she assumed that Mueller had gone off—to Warsaw? to Moscow?—on an errand too secret to be discussed. So she waited in Hanover while Mueller's mother slipped back to her home in east Berlin to await her son there.

At four o'clock one morning, seven weeks after Mueller had left, the ringing of her doorbell awakened Heta. At the door was Paterman—a very important man. Paterman handled the money the Russian Zone shipped to the West German Communist Party—sometimes as much as four million marks in a single delivery. Two trusted couriers ran the money across the border to the West German Communists, who liked the money best in U.S. twenty- and hundred-dollar bills, since these brought the highest rate in local westmarks.

Paterman, a very gentlemanly, well-tailored individual who looked like a banker, said: "I will come to get you at seven o'clock in the morning. In Berlin they ask for you."

"Who asks for me?" said Heta.

"Don't you know?" said Paterman, surprised. "But you will come anyway, won't you?"

Heta said of course.

The Journey East

At seven in the morning a car stopped outside the house, bearing Soviet Zone license plates. The driver who accompanied Paterman was a stranger, but he followed the usual route along the Autobahn to the border of the Soviet Zone. The car passed through the British check point there; then, at a turn in the road between the British and American check points, it stopped, and Heta and Paterman got out. They crossed a field, disappeared in the pine woods, and began to go by the familiar clandestine path over the border. In the woods, Heta stopped and said to Paterman:

"Now we are alone. Only our four eyes are watching us—what are they doing in Berlin with Kurt Mueller?"

"I heard from Wolf," said Paterman, "that Mueller has deviated from the line. But it's not serious and don't get upset."

"You are taking me to Berlin," said Heta, "but how will I get back and when? Do you promise to bring me back yourself?" Paterman promised.

Paterman and Heta went on through the wood and came out at the Russian check point at nine o'clock. The Russians knew they were coming. Without speaking to Heta or examining her papers, a border guard motioned her

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through the barrier. Beyond the barrier their empty car waited for them. Here Paterman said: "Now I will leave. I can't go with you."

"But you promised me," said Heta, "and I don't know this driver."

"You will be all right," said Paterman and left.

Heta and the strange driver drove another thirty miles and stopped on the Autobahn at Magdeburg-Borde, where there are a large gasoline station and a small hotel for the convenience of wayfarers. Heta knew that at the gasoline station and hotel only agents of the security police were employed. Every car that passed their station was recorded. Heta had stopped there frequently on previous trips.

When the car stopped, the driver got out and Heta opened the door to follow him.

"Wait here," said the driver. "I have a telephone call to make."

"But I know all these people," said Heta.

"Wait," said the driver flatly. And Heta waited.

When he came back from his telephone call, he said, "At two o'clock you will meet Richard Stahlman at Alexanderplatz in Berlin."

An Old Friend

The news that she would see Stahlman comforted Heta. Stahlman was an old friend of the Muellers, and whenever they visited Berlin the Muellers always spent an evening with the Stahlmans, as he did with them when he slipped over to the West Zone. Heta described Stahlman to me as a "real old *apparatchik*—from the prewar *apparat*." Heta had noticed, however, that since his recent appointment as chief of security for party personnel in Berlin, Stahlman's personality had been changing. He seemed colder, locked up in himself, less talkative.

Stahlman was waiting in a black car on Alexanderplatz as Heta drove up.

"Where is Mueller?" she asked him.

"Out of Berlin today—he's busy."

"When will he be back?"

"Tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. For today you are to stay at the house of a party member who is waiting for you."

Heta protested the order—she wanted to stay at the home of Mueller's mother, where she always stayed in east Berlin. Stahlman said Mueller's

mother was away, but Heta said she knew he was wrong. When Heta discovered that the lodging Stahlman had arranged for her—with a Polish couple—was in the street next to Mueller's mother's house, she bullied the driver into taking her there. That afternoon old Frau Mueller was paying a visit to one of Mueller's sisters in the suburbs, so Heta followed.

'You Are Alone'

The worst thing about life in the party, Heta explained to me, is that when anything goes wrong you are all alone; you do not know whom you can talk to and trust, or whom you can talk to and not destroy with your confidence. All the Mueller children were good Communists, and their mother, tormented by Kurt's disappearance, had been unable to talk with any of them. But she could talk to Heta.

When Heta entered the room, Frau Mueller burst into sobs and took Heta aside. Kurt had disappeared, she said, and no one could tell her where he was or what had happened to him. Heta soothed the old lady, telling her that Stahlman had said that tomorrow or the next day Kurt would be back. After all, what other reason could the party have for asking her to Berlin except to meet Kurt?

Together the two women returned to the Mueller house on Auguststrasse and waited. Nothing happened until noon of May 12, four days later, when Stahlman and an aide appeared.

With a cold, expressionless face, as if reading a charge in court to strangers, Stahlman said immediately: "It is now the worst duty of my life to tell you that Kurt Mueller is accused as a western agent and is in prison."

Stahlman continued: "Not only that, but the entire western press is talking about it today; you can read it yourself." Mueller's mother had broken down sobbing at Stahlman's first statement, and Heta at once busied herself putting Frau Mueller to bed before answering Stahlman. To herself, Heta could only say: "Be quiet, be quiet, say nothing, now is the moment to win time." For it could not happen and yet it had. Only traitors were arrested by the party, she knew, and yet Mueller was not a traitor; and if the western press was talking about it, how did it know? How had it learned first? Still thinking it was only a mistake ("what else could it be?"), she said to Stahlman: "I want to speak with Matern [Herman Matern of the party's Control Commission] and Dahlem [Ulbricht's rival in the East German Communist Party]; then I want to see Mueller and talk to him. Get me these appointments, and now please go."

On Monday the fifteenth, after three days of waiting, Heta and her mother-in-law were given a rendezvous to meet Stahlman near party headquarters. They were sitting in a café opposite the building when they saw Stahlman and the same aide.

"They were talking very seriously to each other," said Heta, "when I saw them crossing the street. They came up to us and they said curtly No, we could not see Ulbricht, No, we could not see Dahlem, it was out of the question to talk to Mueller, and the party had issued an order. I was to remain in east Berlin and should telephone Hanover to have my children sent to me. (Heta had had two children by a previous marriage.)

Escape

"I thought quickly and said, 'But I have always wanted with all my heart to live here with our own people; it will be better for the children here. But let me make my telephone call from the western sector of the city—it is better to telephone from the west sector to Hanover than from here.'

"Then I tricked them. I did not want them to know I had any money with me for then they would not let me go. So I said, 'May I borrow ten westmarks from you to make the telephone call? I have no money.' They gave it to me.

"When I got to west Berlin, I

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phoned first to my home in Hanover and told them I would be back in a few days. Then I asked a friend of mine to buy me an airline ticket from west Berlin to Hamburg [in West Germany] and fix me an interzonal pass with a false name. My friend came back in a few hours with the ticket and pass and I went back over to the East Zone.

"In my mother-in-law's house I sat down and wrote a long letter which I sealed in an envelope and gave to a friend. I wrote in the letter not only all I knew about Kurt Mueller but everything else about the party, and I told her: 'If I disappear or anything happens to me, I want you to take this paper and give it to the Allied forces in the Western Zone.'

"Then, to confuse them, I waited another day in east Berlin. Tuesday night I got on the subway to go back to west Berlin. I was sure they were following me, so I changed trains at three subway stations before I got to the little station next to the west sector, and when I slipped across in the crowd nobody noticed me. Wednesday I was in Hamburg, and as soon as I arrived I sent a telegram to Stahlman in Berlin saying that I had had to leave in a hurry because I heard my children were ill.

Within the Party

"Thursday I was back home in Hanover. All that day I sat at home and thought. All my adult life I have been a Communist. I joined the party when I was eighteen; it was the only active way to do something against Hitler. The history of Marxism was something I learned later.

"I had never believed anything the western papers said about the Communists, for I thought what they said about torture, police, and concentration camps were lies. But I knew Kurt Mueller was a good Communist. He always wanted to do right. He was my man and I lived with him, and I absolutely knew he was not a western agent, so I knew then that what the Communist press was saying about him must be a lie.

"What should I do, I kept asking myself. There was no one to talk to, no one to ask what I should say. Should I speak out loud, cry to all the people that the party lied? But if the party had made a mistake, wasn't it better to get an explanation in the party? We always told our people that all members have the right to defend themselves inside the party if there is any charge against them.

"I decided then to make the fight inside the party, for I still had hope. I thought it was just the intrigue of one man, Max Reimann, to drive Mueller from the leadership."

Silence and Expulsion

On Friday morning, Heta drove to her office in the party's newspaper building in Hanover, but she walked amid silence down the corridors. No one would answer a question or return a greeting. Several hours later a business conference, set up several weeks before, required her to leave the building. When she came back, the guard at the gate said: "Frau Fischer is not allowed to enter here."

Heta protested that she was an employee of the national party at Frankfurt, not the local committee in Hanover. They told her to wait while they telephoned Frankfurt, and Frankfurt's answer was firm: "Keep Frau Fischer out." Her driver was allowed to bring her coat and papers from her upstairs office, and Heta drove slowly home.

Heta made one last attempt to break through within the party, riding two hundred miles to Frankfurt to see Max Reimann. It was a difficult visit, for by now Heta was convinced that Reimann had sprung the trap on Kurt Mueller. Only a week before Mueller had been summoned to Berlin in March, Reimann had passed along the familiar courier route to Berlin, too. He had stayed the last night at Mueller's house, slept on the living-room couch, and Heta herself had risen at four in the morning to make coffee for Reimann before he slipped over the border. On that trip, Reimann must have planned the kidnaping of his host, for he had returned in a few days and it was he who sent Mueller the word to report to Berlin.

Reimann, who is still the No. 1 leader of the West German Communist Party, is a handsome, thin-faced, gray-haired man, given at alternating intervals to panic and arrogance. The East Zone leaders think him effeminate and slightly hysterical. Reimann was in a wild and excitable mood when he consented to see Heta. He pounded on the table and shouted that Mueller had been a spy. *"Die Partei irrt nie!"* "The party never makes a mistake!" he stormed.

Heta said, "But you were in Sach-

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senhausen concentration camp with Mueller. Do you believe it yourself?" Reimann ranted for half an hour, Mueller was now a Titoist agent, now an American agent, now a Trotskyist agent. He had been a spy against the Soviet Union from earliest youth, said Reimann, and had it not been for his stay in the concentration camp under Hitler he would long since have been exposed as the traitor he was.

Reimann hurled charges so fast that he contradicted himself. At one point he said that Mueller acted as a decent Communist in West Germany, but when he visited in East Germany he spied for the Americans there and that was why he had been arrested. At another point, he insisted that Mueller had met with imperialist agents in his house in Hanover.

Request for Trial

Heta caught the opening. She was still a party member of high position herself. If meetings with imperialist agents had been held at her home, then she too was under indictment; therefore, she said, a party court must try her to see whether the charges are true. If there is a trial, she thought, they will see that this is a lie and perhaps they will see that the rest of the charges are lies, too.

Reimann saw this as an easy way to end the conversation, and said that since he was going to Berlin in a few days, he would take her request for a trial. She would hear from him when he got back.

That was Heta's last official contact with the party. Reimann never again wrote or telephoned her. No other messages came. The party paid her regular salary and no doubt would have continued to do so as long as she remained silent, but when in July she told her story to several non-Communist newspapermen, her salary abruptly ended, and she joined the shabby world of German unemployed.

Hanover, a gray, ruined city on the moorlands of northern Germany, lies only sixty-five miles from the border of the Russian Zone, and its somber people live in fear of what may happen if the Russians move. Even those who hate the Communists are afraid to be friendly with Heta Fischer, for if the Russians do attack, it will do no good to be listed as a friend of Mueller's woman.

'Partial Confession'

Of Kurt Mueller, Heta now hears only indirectly from clandestine sources in the East Zone. One old friend in the East German Communist Party has passed the word that Mueller's case is now out of the hands of the German Communists—it is being handled by the Russians. From another she has received a disquieting hint: that Mueller had been under "interrogation" and had made only a "partial confession."

"But there is nothing to confess," says Heta. "What do they want him to say?"

A Soviet Reverie

The eternal clash between Russian dreams and reality was pointed up sharply at a get-together of economists

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

It is a hundred years since Alexander Herzen, the great Russian rebel and exile, wrote in his "Open Letter to J. Michelet" that "Russia is quite a new state—an unfinished building in which everything smells of new plaster, in which everything is at work and being worked out, in which nothing has yet attained its object, in which everything is changing, often for the worse, but anyway changing. . . ."

On another occasion, Herzen contrasted the outlook of the Russians with that of the Poles. The latter, he said, cultivated a romanticism utterly alien to the Russians'. They lived in their national past, while the Russians, finding in their past and present little that was worthy of attachment, fixed their gaze exclusively on the future. The thoughts and emotions of the Poles hovered mournfully over ancestral graves, while Russia was full of empty cradles waiting for children to be born.

A century has passed, and yet how topical the brilliant and sometimes profound recollections of the old rebel still are. Revolutions have followed one another; whole classes of society have disappeared or have been liquidated, and new classes have grown or have been forcibly brought into existence by government decree; national institutions, beliefs, ideas, and illusions have been destroyed and manufactured wholesale; the whole social and moral climate of the country has changed so much that it seems that even the old character and temperament of Russia have suffered complete extinction; and yet *plus ça change plus ça reste la même chose.*

Once again the eyes of the Russians, finding little that is attractive in the

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present, are fixed on distant goals.

Some of the Russian émigrés dream aloud of a new revolution in Russia and pray for a new war. So little are they concerned about any heritage of the past and any achievements of the present that even global slaughter and the pulverization of their native towns in atomic warfare seem to them not too high a price to pay for the materialization of their idea of the future. But the Russia that labors under Stalin's orders also cherishes things that are still hidden in the womb of time. Even official Russia cannot and does not live on bread alone, on the statistical indexes of the Five-Year Plans and the merger of the collective farms. It must keep before its own eyes and hold out before the eyes of its people a vision of things to come, most specifically, the prospect of the "transition from socialism to Communism."

'To Sleep: Perchance to Dream'

Visions of the future have a capricious logic of their own. This is true even in a country whose most eminent liberal historian, Milyukov, once said that its social classes and even its thoughts and ideas had always been the product of official decrees or official inspiration. A government may find it easy and expedient to encourage its subjects to indulge in a certain sort of dream as an escape from ugly realities. It may even prescribe, as the Kremlin now does, what the subject ought to dream. But it finds it much harder to intervene in the actual course of the dream and to make it wholly conform to order. Its subjects may begin to see images long banished and to murmur the most terrible heresies in their sleep. As they are likely to see the forbidden images in combination with the most rigidly official scenes, the effect is sometimes quite surrealistic. In their visions, present misery and oppression walk hand in hand with future happiness and freedom; and over the whole picture there dances the twisted shadow of the official censor.

Something of this sort happened last year at the Economics Institute of the Academy of Science in Moscow, when more than two hundred academicians assembled to discuss "Means of Gradual Transition from Socialism to Communism."

In the early 1930's, Stalin claimed that the foundations of socialism had been laid in the Soviet Union. Then, after the abolition of private farming, he went further and said that the building of socialist society had actually been completed. Ordinary people found that this made no difference in the conditions of their existence, except perhaps for the worse. They dressed in rags as before, and often went barefoot. Food was still scarce.

'Ay, There's the Rub . . .'

As long as they were told that they had to suffer because Czardom had bequeathed a legacy of poverty and backwardness but that one day socialism would bring them relief and lift them to dizzy heights, they may have gnashed their teeth and cursed their rulers, past and present; but they could still believe in socialism. Now they were cursing socialism as well. Their hopes had been fulfilled, and woe to the fulfillment!

Frustration crept into the ranks of the party. Old Bolsheviks listened to Stalin's words and shrugged their shoulders. They had been accustomed to think that socialism presupposed an abundance of goods so great that society could distribute them without payment and thus establish social equality: In this way social distinctions and money would "wither away." A socialist order, they believed, needed no governmental coercion; and so the state, that machine of coercion, would also wither away. Only Trotsky, from his places of exile, confronted Stalin with this critique; but most of the older members of the party had thought along similar lines. And so in order to have the label of socialism for the régime, the ideas of equality, of a moneyless economy, and of the withering away of the state were banished; and innumerable members of the party paid with their lives for being suspected of professing them.

Who would have said that in this decade these heresies would creep into that seat of Stalinist learning, the Economics Institute, and become half-rehabilitated? This is virtually what happened at the institute meeting in question, a transcript of which recently has been released. This gathering was doubly unusual because it apparently was the occasion for one of the very few relatively free discussions that have taken place in Moscow in more than twenty years: The adversaries did not charge one another with deviation from the party line or with any other capital sin, but blandly stated their views, which although at no point openly offending against orthodox principles, differed widely from one another.

The conference was opened by a well-known economist, Professor I. A. Anchishkin, who spoke emphatically about the imminence of the much-talked-of transition to Communism. "The Soviet Union," he said, "has all the necessary conditions for building up Communism within a very brief span." Did this mean five, ten, or twenty years? Although nobody made an exact estimate, the debaters assumed that Russia would "enter Communism" once the program outlined by Stalin in February, 1946, had been carried out. This was a long-term program of industrial development. "Our industry," Stalin then said, "ought to produce up to 50 million tons of pig iron, up to 60 million tons of steel, up to 500 million tons of coal, up to 60 million tons of oil annually."

'The Undiscover'd Country . . .'

Stalin did not set out comparable targets for consumer industries, and he was not more specific than to say that this industrial development would require "three new Five-Year Plans, if not more." Since 1946, the Politburo

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seems to have quickened the tempo, apparently hoping that the objectives outlined by Stalin might be reached about the turn of this decade, if not before. This would mean that by 1960 Soviet heavy industry would stand roughly where its American counterpart stood in 1940. In nine years' time, however, the Soviet Union should have a population nearly twice as large as that of the United States in 1940; the degree of its industrial saturation would consequently still be proportionately lower. All the same, to most Russians this must be a breathtaking prospect. Was not the wooden plow the most commonly employed working tool in Russia even within the memory of this generation?

The issue that dominated the discussion at the Economics Institute was how the "higher stage of Communism" would affect the political climate of the country and the life of ordinary people. As speaker after speaker tried to produce an answer, the ghosts of banished heresies crowded into the conference hall. Professor Anchishkin, the lecturer, bluntly declared that the state would have to wither away. "The state will exhaust itself and will not be needed," he said. As if to dispel any doubt as to what he meant, he went on to say that if the Soviet Union were by that time still encircled by hostile capitalist nations, the one function that would remain to the state would be the defense of the country against foreign attack; but even then its domestic functions would be "exhausted."

'Who Would Fardels Bear . . .'

Ten or twelve years ago, a Communist who ventured such a speculation would have been quickly despatched to a forced-labor camp. To say that soon the state "will not be needed" amounts to saying that the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the MVD, the political police, the prisons, and the labor camps must all be scrapped in a few years' time. It was as if the most secret reverie of the Soviet people had been officially licensed and had made itself heard through a microphone of the Economics Institute.

However, even in his daydreaming a Soviet scholar does not forget his duty to orthodoxy. The lecturer prefaced his reflections on the forthcoming withering away of the state with the remark that in the meantime, before the

U.S.S.R. entered the phase of Communism, the state ought to be further strengthened. He implied thereby that there might be room for more vigilant surveillance of the citizen, for more political police, more prisons and more camps. Thus reality brutally projected itself onto the vision of the future. The lecturer made no attempt to square the one with the other, to correlate the "strengthening" and the "withering" of the state. Is coercion to grow in scope and intensity until, say, 1959, and be abolished in 1960?

'To Grunt and Sweat . . .'

None of the speakers took up this point, too delicate and risky for further elaboration. Instead, they turned to another issue: How would the transition to Communism bear upon the distribution of goods—that is, in the last instance, upon the standard of living?

The principle now governing distribution is that everybody is paid "according to work," not "according to his needs." Under Communism, the debaters agreed, payment at last will be "according to needs." The public was given to understand that the whole elaborate system of differential wages and salaries, built up to the accompaniment of unbridled abuse of anything that savored of egalitarianism, would be scrapped; that the privileged manager, the Stakhanovite, the writer pampered by the state, the bureaucrat enjoying all comforts while the mass of the people often lack even the necessities of life, that all these types of the "new aristocracy" would have to leave the stage. Payment "according to needs" is the Marxist's sole formula for equality.

That equality, everybody agreed, would be possible only after the supply of consumer goods had become abundant. Thereby the speakers unwittingly revealed the basis of the present "socialist" system of rewards: the general scarcity of goods. But they could not agree on the form of Communist distribution. Anchishkin held that even in the transition to Communism, money would remain as important as it is now and all payments would have to be made in money. Professor S. G. Strumilin, a veteran economist and the leading light among Soviet planners, insisted that in the Soviet Union the free distribution of goods should gradually begin, thus speeding up the withering away of money. "If more than half the consumer goods are distributed free of charge, one may consider that the country has entered the phase of Communism," Strumilin said. The controversy shifted to the next point: Where and how was this moneyless economy to start? Some thought that bread, meat, and clothing ought to be distributed free of charge first, while others held that the beginning should be made with social services, transport facilities, and so forth.

So specific was this exchange that an outsider might have thought that the two hundred economists were discussing a job to be done immediately. The fact that in so many instances the Russian citizen is still consuming one-third or one-fourth or even less of what the American citizen does was glossed over with superb, almost romantic, equanimity. In their imaginations the speakers had already bridged the gulf between the two standards of living. Professor A. I. Notkin, another economist (he was recently castigated in the press for his "errors"), must have felt some theoretical scruple, but he somehow got over it. He pointed out that when Stalin's production targets had been reached, Soviet industrial production would equal American, even on a per capita basis. True, he added, American production would still be much higher in times of boom, but the average over long periods of boom and slump would not be so.

Other speakers drew sweeping and attractive pictures of the new Industrial Revolution to be initiated in the Soviet Union by the application of atomic energy, the rise in education and social hygiene, the complete elec-

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trification of the vast expanses of the Soviet Union, the consequent abolition of the cultural gap between the townsman and the villager, the elimination of heavy and unskilled labor, and so on and so on.

It would be easy to dismiss or ridicule all this as just another propaganda stunt. It was much more than that. The old Russian empty cradle of which Herzen wrote a hundred years ago was brought on the platform of the Institute of Economics, and speaker after speaker approached it to spin out over it his wishes, his longings, and his ideas of the future.

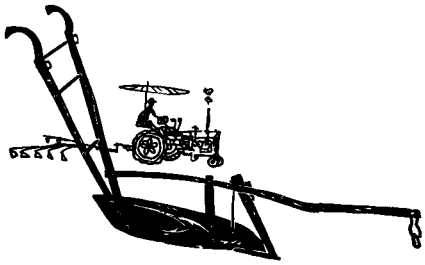
It is not easy to guess what really goes on in the minds of those men of the Soviet intelligentsia. But one suspects that this or that professor talks about the higher phase of Communism with his tongue in his cheek, treating this as a perverse satire on the Soviet Union of today, finding in it the only licensed manner of telling the Soviet people that it is possible to conceive of a better way of life than that for which at present they have incessantly to thank Stalin. This is indeed the only way in which it is permissible to hint at the wretchedness of their present existence.

'. . . Under a Weary Life'

Longings for a better future encouraged by the promises of a despotic government may be double-edged; the promises, if unfulfilled, turn in the end against the government. The whole position of the Soviet rulers, with their revolutionary traditions and commitments, has been such as to compel them to foster and stimulate in their people the most intense and ambitious longings for a better world and to tell them that that world is within their reach if only they, the people, exert themselves to increase the wealth of their country, and if only they deny themselves for a few years more those amenities which no other people would consent to forgo.

In this respect, the attitude of the Soviet government is most contradictory, being extremely conservative and extremely revolutionary at the same time. Like no other government, it insists that its subjects should be satisfied with their lot; that they should believe that in every field of activity Russia is well ahead of any other nation and is the object of the highest envy on the part of the whole world. National complacency, even national conceit, is the duty of every citizen. This self-adulation, and the concomitant hostility toward anything that smacks of cosmopolitanism, is, of course, much older than Stalinism; it was frequently preached by Czarist officialdom. But even under the Czars the people were not asked to show their gratitude in such grotesque forms.

For instance: Stalin's seventieth birthday was celebrated in December, 1949; yet even now scores of absurdly



hyperbolic greetings to the septuagenarian superman continue to cram the columns of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. The birthday thanksgiving has thus been extended over years, as if the Kremlin were absolutely determined to outdo the Vatican itself in the celebration of its own Holy Year.

Yet this same government also continually exhorts its people not to indulge in the blissful life which they owe to the Wise Father of the Peoples, that in a few years they must change the very basis and the framework of their existence and remake all, or most, of the rules and principles by which they are now guided. The government wishes its subjects to show the most tender attachment to the present; but, knowing at heart that for the most part this can only be a pitiful affectation, it intimates to them that they really ought to despise the present and to achieve another social revolution "within a very brief span." Thus the Politburo virtually incites its own subjects to overthrow the social and political status quo, in which the power of the Politburo is rooted.

'. . . What Dreams May Come'

No other modern nation has been as creative and as tragically wasteful of energies, men, ideas, and dreams as contemporary Russia. Its birth rate is higher than that of almost all other western nations; so is its mortality. Even before the war, for every child born in New York more than two were born in Moscow. But for every funeral in New York there were nearly two funerals in Moscow. The Russians are consequently an astonishingly young nation. But their young people have little time to enjoy the taste of youth; very early they have to shoulder the burden of grim Soviet maturity, and they grow old with frightening rapidity.

This is symbolic of the Russian way of life and of Russia's production of material and spiritual wealth. The government makes the people build thousands of factories and mines in one Five-Year Plan. Then, largely through its own mistakes and miscalculations in foreign or, to a smaller extent, in domestic policy, thousands of factories are destroyed or burned down, hundreds of mines are flooded, scores of cities are razed, and flourishing lands are turned into deserts.

Or to take another instance: Thousands of new schools and scores of universities are opened; and, at great expense to society, a generation of educated and intelligent people is brought up, of which the most civilized nation would be proud. Yet a terribly high proportion of that new intelligentsia is swallowed by concentration camps opened simultaneously with the universities.

The brains of those who escape this lot are flattened and stultified by the bureaucratic machine which absorbs them. At present thirty-seven million people are being educated at Soviet schools of various grades. This achievement does the greatest credit to a people the vast majority of whom were illiterate until recently; and in any case it is an encouraging promise for the future. But how many of those who now receive their education will be allowed truly to serve society with their brains?

No nation in the last century has been as productive as Russia of epoch-making ideas, world-embracing utopias, and momentous revolutions. Yet nowhere have ideas, utopias, and revolutions been as thoroughly perverted and corrupted. But the fertility of the Russian mind has by no means been exhausted. In ideas, as in population, the balance of the high birth rate and the high mortality still remains unknown.

And there are a multitude of empty cradles all over the place.

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What the French Elections Showed

A native observer predicts the early fall of the Pleven Government, crises over rearmament and devaluation, and a swing to the Right

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

THE RECENT French runoff elections for cantonal councils confirm the results of last June's elections to the National Assembly. There has been complete reversal of the situation in 1945. If France had a two-party system, one could now say that the Tories or the Republicans have defeated the Labour Party or the Democrats. But France hasn't a two-party system, and so things are a good deal more complicated.

What has taken place is not a victory, pure and simple, of Right over Left. It has been the victory of clever politicians over stubborn doctrinaires. Thus the Communists and Socialists, who in 1945 held a majority of the departmental assemblies, have now lost three-quarters of their seats. To the Right, the Gaullists, who in June drew twenty-two per cent of the vote, now have thirteen per cent. The winners are the Radical Socialists, the Peasant Group, and the Independent Republicans.

The results make it obvious that the Government of René Pleven, formed in August after a month of indecision and crisis, not only does not represent the majority in the Assembly—which was known—but no majority outside the Assembly, a fact that could not be known until the local elections were completed. Pleven is accused by members of his own Cabinet of maneuvering to stay in power and of not governing. But how can he govern when his Cabinet represents not a majority but a minority?

In 1947, Paul Ramadier drove the Communists out of the Government. Then crisis followed crisis, each bringing in its wake a new Administration. The process has gone full circle. Pleven's Government is exactly like Ramadier's 1947 one: Once again the Government is poised on the fulcrum of Catholic and Radical Socialist support. The only change has been that the Socialists are out and some Rightists have replaced them.

Cabinet Crisis Ahead

Without help from the so-called Opposition, Pleven's Government cannot put a single measure through the Assembly. Sometimes it has to call on the Socialists, sometimes on the Gaullists. With such alternating and contradictory support, the Government's actions are bound to be contradictory and demagogic. "We are not a Government," a Cabinet member recently remarked privately, "we are only a coalition of special interests."

It was only because the local elections were so close at hand that the Pleven Government was able to survive the six-week summer session of the Assembly. All political parties were glad to have a Government weak enough to give them the planks for their election platforms. And so—as if they were back again in the Church-state struggle of 1911—some parties voted to subsidize Catholic schools while others gallantly defended the lay state. But when the Catholics and the Conservatives won their fight against the Socialists they put the final touch to the breakdown of the old majority. In addition they made the fall of the Pleven Government soon after Parliament reconvenes November 6 extremely probable.

The Impasse

The Government could hardly do otherwise than put off deciding diplomatic and economic questions. But procrastination has only made them more urgent and serious.

The first objective of French rearmament is to furnish General Eisenhower with ten divisions completely equipped. At Ottawa, Defense Minister Georges Bidault renewed France's pledge to this effect. In the interest of western security, General Eisenhower would probably prefer that these divisions be talked about less and materialize more. The fact is that only one-fourth of the plan has been realized to date. The Government has appropriated a billion dollars for military matériel, but hardly a third of the contracts have been actually given to industry.

The 1951 budget has been balanced, more or less, but only by juggling of figures. No such makeshift can solve the situation that will arise next year. The 1952 budget already calls for $10 billion, representing a fifty per cent increase over this year's figures. The Budget Minister admits that there will be a deficit of at least $4 billion, which means that nearly half the state's expenses next year will not be covered by normal income. Moreover, in the absence of precise information as to

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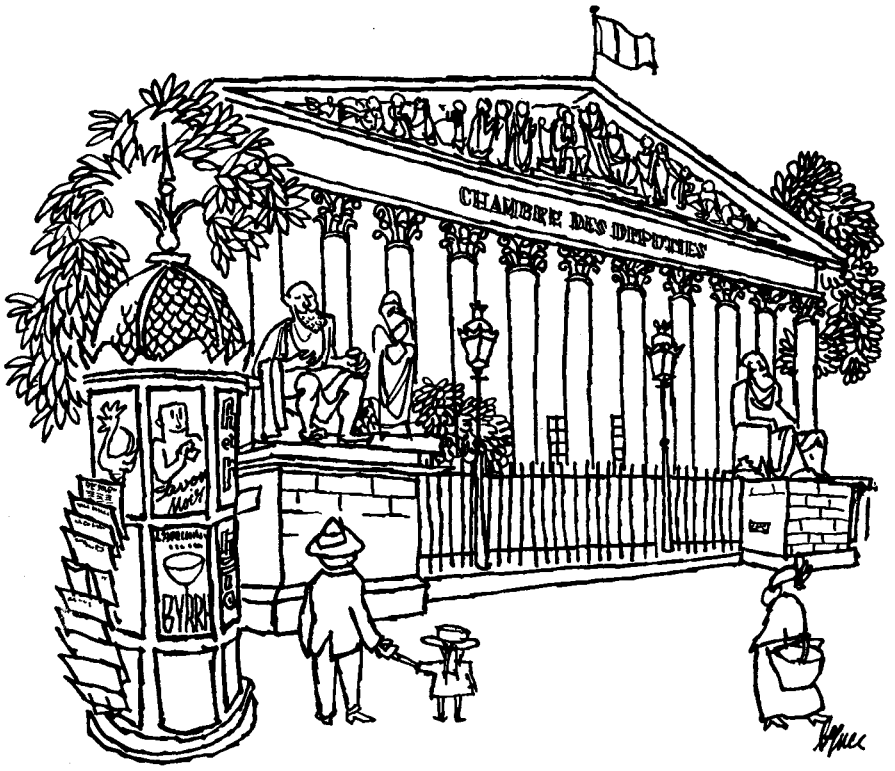

what America's contribution will be under the Mutual Security Agreement, these figures do not include any provision whatever for a military budget—this at a time when rearmament should be entering its more active phase.

The fact is that France's swollen budget—it will be nearly as great as Britain's—calls for money that France's economy simply cannot provide. The reason France has such an impossible budget is that the Government, faced with the alternative of maintaining or even increasing spending on civilian consumption and industry, or of rearming, has refused to make a choice.

And so, since civilian demand far exceeds supply, prices have shot up and wages have followed. At a somewhat inopportune moment the Government launched a housing program, and the price of cement rose thirty per cent. The farmers have insisted on linking agricultural prices to industrial prices. In September, wages were forced up from twelve to fifteen per cent. Money in circulation rose seven per cent over a three-month period. With the official rate at 350 francs, the dollar sold off the Bourse at 440. In spite of official denials, devaluation of the franc once more is imminent, even if it means only an admission of illness rather than a cure. It is clear that measures such as the decision of the Bank of France to raise the discount rate, taken after Eric Johnston's Paris visit, are no more than makeshifts. That is why the forthcoming talks between Presidential representative W. Averell Harriman and Jean Monnet, France's economic planning director, will be of the highest importance. These men will have to determine what steps are possible to balance the demands of rearmament with the economic capacities of the European members of NATO.

The Bluff Is Called

At the international level it has become apparent in the last few days that French diplomacy is foundering. The plan for a European army which the Quai d'Orsay conceived and promoted is beginning to torment those who originated it. So long as the allies hesitated, the French plan remained harmless and ineffective. It allowed the French to put off taking a stand on German rearmament; it could also pass as a compromise formula showing French good will. But the French plan was accepted at the Washington conference, and this "victory" immediately threw certain French groups into a panic. They would prefer the plan as a "project" only, a beautiful project, of course, but one that could not be carried out. Thus they would not have had to face French public opinion or the French Parliament with the necessity of putting the plan into action.

But now, with a Soviet "peace" offensive once again imminent, the aim of the West is clear: In the long view, only a unified Germany can fill a strategic void that might bring on another Korea. More urgently, the first step must be to bring West Germany into the Atlantic system. The reason why the preparatory four-power conference broke up in Paris last spring is now well known; it broke up because the French plan precluded any hope of German rearmament. That is no longer the case. If it were not for the imminent prospect of a rearmed West Germany, Stalin would not be playing at appeasement, with all the risk such a policy involves of turning, in the long run, to the advantage of the West.

That is what the "wait-and-see" minds at the Quai d'Orsay cannot see or refuse to see. A Germany first integrated with the West and then unified would end France's role as European leader, these people say, oblivious of the fact that there will be no French leadership at all unless France is willing to yield its interests to the superior interests of the European community.

If French diplomacy is at present uncertain and wavering on the German problem, it is no more so than the French Parliament. The prospect of a unified Germany will make it very difficult to get majority support for the European army or even for the Schuman Plan. For the French are nearly as sensitive on the German question as are the Russians. Moreover, contrary to the attitude of the Politburo, the French are concerned with the immediate future of Germany. It must not be forgotten that it was the French who supported the idea of a unified Germany at the preliminary four-power conference. Now the Russians are tossing it back at them. Currently, the Quai d'Orsay's tactics consist in presenting the German problem as a technical question that the voters should not worry too much about.

Now that the West and East German governments have started talking to each other, the West must act fast—faster than the Soviets. West Germany must be brought into the Atlantic system before an *Anschluss* that would favor the East. Only a strong French Government, one no longer compelled to count up the votes every day to

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see whether it is still in power, can solve the German problem—or dispel a major economic crisis that otherwise is inevitable.

Coalition of the Right?

There are three formulas for forming such a Government. One seems unworkable—the return of the Socialists to the Cabinet. They continue to make unacceptable demands in exchange for their participation; they do not want to take any responsibility for the Pleven economic plans or any British-style austerity program. A second formula must also be dismissed: that of a Cabinet dominated by the Gaullists. A Radical Socialist, M. Martinaud-Déplat, made this suggestion a few weeks ago with the idea that once such a Cabinet had failed, the Gaullist blackmail would be gotten rid of once and for all. The day after his proposal, September 20, a dramatic Cabinet meeting took place. Later it was learned that the President had declared he "would never be the Hindenburg of the Fourth Republic."

A workable, although not necessarily desirable, formula would be that of a Cabinet based on the same majority that supported subsidies to "free" Catholic schools. Such a Cabinet could be headed by Paul Reynaud or some other Independent Republican. Up till now de Gaulle has always refused to consider any Government which he did not run. But the relative failure of his party in the cantonal elections showed him that he has less and less chance of ever gaining an absolute majority or of governing alone. Consequently he would now agree to allow some of his friends to enter a Government that would undertake to revise the Constitution and prepare new elections. The check in the Gaullist advance may also bring the Center parties closer together.

Now that the Gaullists do not seem such a threat, the Center parties can accept Gaullist co-operation without too much danger. If they do, the last step in the process that has completely reversed the 1947 majority will have been taken. The new majority will enjoy a relative political calm, but it must not forget the importance of decisions that it can no longer avoid taking. For the only European country whose internal political situation seems disturbingly similar to that of France is not Great Britain, as certain people would like to have one think. It is Greece. In Greece, Marshal Papagos, like de Gaulle, failed to win a decisive majority, and the Greeks now have a somewhat shaky middle-of-the-road coalition.

Communist Strategy

And, as do the Greeks, the French still have their Communists. For some time, French public opinion seems to have forgotten the existence of the Communist Party, and it is curious to compare the space French papers gave the party a year ago with the space they give it now. The reason is obvious: The great Communist failure in the June elections lulled the public. This is unfortunate, because it seems certain that the French Communist Politburo has drawn up a new plan of action which dovetails with Premier Otto Grotewohl's East German policy. As a first step the Communist plan is not to frighten anyone, to let people think that the party is like all the other parties.

So they have put their too-noisy "peace" slogans into storage and they now only complain, rather mildly, about the high price of bread. They are willing to play ball, they say; they have resurrected their old policy of the "outstretched hand"; in the runoff cantonal elections a number of Communist candidates withdrew in favor of Socialists in spite of the fact that the Socialists had not asked them to.

In the second stage of the plan, by November, the Communists will try to increase their influence principally through a drive for united action in the three great trade unions: the Communist CGT, the Socialist FO, and the Catholic CFTC.

Finally, by the end of the year, when the new budget is being debated, the Communists hope that inflation and anti-Americanism will reach new heights. They count on consumer restrictions, on trade-union protests and possible strikes—and on a Cabinet crisis. Then they will come out from under cover, agitate, and cash in. Their objective is to gain admittance to a new "Popular Front" Opposition. Unless the present majority saves the franc, solves the German problem, and rearms the nation, the danger of the Communist plan's succeeding cannot be dismissed.

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The Gaudy Twilight Of Harold Stassen

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

HAROLD STASSEN is a man much preoccupied with time. From boyhood, he has been in a hurry. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-two, elected to his first public office at twenty-three, and became Minnesota's youngest governor in history at thirty-one.

At the Republican National Convention in June, 1940, Stassen, then only thirty-three, gave the keynote address. He capped that triumph by becoming convention floor manager for the victorious forces of the late Wendell Willkie.

As "Tommy the Cork" Corcoran and the other miracle boys of the New Deal began to age and fade, Stassen emerged the brightest and most attractive young man on the national political scene. He was a handsome figure with his blond hair, dazzling white smile, strong, honest face, and sturdy farmer's build. He was an excellent speaker, with emotional dynamism and personal charm; he was widely looked upon as the most encouraging symbol of the new G.O.P. leadership which supposedly would supplant the Hoovers and the Grundys, the Watsons and the Vandenbergs, who had led the G.O.P. during the dreary late 1930's.

Stassen himself seemed alert to this opportunity. He rallied to the more progressive viewpoint in domestic affairs sponsored by Willkie. Though from the then predominantly isolationist Middle West, he spoke out firmly in 1940-1941 for aid to Britain.

It was natural that many honors should come to Stassen. The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce selected him as an "outstanding young man." The International Society of Christian Endeavor in 1941 awarded him its International Youth's Distinguished Service Citation. Professional politicians, who are somewhat less openhanded, quietly marked him down in their books as a comer.

Eleven years later, Stassen, now a not so very old forty-four, can ponder what the years have brought him. He is president of the University of Pennsylvania, a very good, if not a great, institution. His hair is thinner. His political prospects, though not dead, are not very much alive either, despite his recent vigorous attempts to prove before a Congressional committee that Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup had played a sinister role in the formulation of our Asian policy, and that his own, Stassen's, role had been conversely idealistic. Somewhere in the rapid currents of national politics, a brilliant and promising career has lost its way.

What Went Wrong?

In retrospect, it is difficult to see where Stassen began to go astray. In 1943, early in his third term as Minnesota's governor, he resigned to enter the Navy. He served creditably in the Pacific as a staff officer. His postwar career opened auspiciously when President Roosevelt appointed him a delegate to the San Francisco United Nations Conference. Coming from the shrewd leader of the opposing party, this appointment was virtually a recognition that Stassen had succeeded, upon the death of Willkie, to the leadership of the progressive, international-minded Republicans.

As a private citizen in 1945-1946, Stassen made many gestures that indicated he was resuming his prewar struggle to liberalize the Republican Party. For example, in February, 1946, he joined a group of other distinguished citizens, most of whom would be characterized at G.O.P. lodge meetings as "do-gooders," on a committee for the relief of the General Motors strikers. "Let's settle the GM strike but not by hunger," read the committee's ads in the *New Republic*.

In 1946 Stassen arrived at two important decisions. He decided that he would not campaign for the Senate seat from Minnesota that could easily have been his. In effect, this meant that he would gamble everything on his chance of winning the Presidency. Rather than be a freshman member of a Senate where Robert A. Taft was about to become the dominant Republican member, Stassen decided to contest for party leadership as a political free lance.

This was a momentous decision. American politics offers no convenient forum or status for anyone not in public office. Ever since 1946, Stassen has had to cope with the problem of finding his own rostrums, and developing pretexts to express himself on public issues for which he bore no responsibility. It has not always been easy.

Stassen's other decision was to take the offensive against the elements of the party with which he believed himself in disagreement. He waded into the Nebraska Senatorial primary in 1946 in support of Governor Dwight Griswold against Senator Hugh Butler, a

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Taft man. Butler won rather easily. Stassen has not intervened in any out-of-state primaries since then.

Retreat from the Rubicon

The Griswold fiasco and the decisive Republican victory in 1946 seem to mark a change in Stassen's outlook. Nonofficeholders have, at best, limited influence when their party is out of power. Once it gains control of substantial power and responsibility, as the Republicans did in 1946, their influence becomes marginal. Stassen could scarcely tell the old professionals like Taft and Joe Martin that their policies were leading the party to disaster when, in fact, those policies seemed to have scored a victory and the professionals were back in power.

Stassen also spoke less boldly for another reason. The failure of his Nebraska adventure and the impressive Congressional victory of the Taft Republicans coincided with a crisis in his own ideas, or lack of them. In the earlier phase of his career, Stassen benefited from the conventional American enthusiasm for youth. This is a young, hopeful country, and we traditionally admire the young and the hopeful. The mere fact of youth is thought to make one more liberal. Stassen, the boy governor and the blond Navy officer, basked in the reflected glow of this national fantasy. For several years his program consisted essentially of being young and forward-looking.

Having reached the solemn age of forty, however, Stassen felt the need for something more. At first he sought to evade the problem by expediency and judicious compromise. His plan of action involved both liberal pronouncements and co-operation with conservatives. The New York *Times* for May 28, 1947, reported that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy would head a full slate of delegates for Stassen in the 1948 Presidential primary in Wisconsin. "Like Mr. Willkie in 1944," the *Times* story said, "Mr. Stassen at times finds himself in advance of thinking within his party. His supporters do not believe this will harm him if he avoids some of the pitfalls that Mr. Willkie did not seem to see. Most important in this regard is the way in which the Stassen forces have sought to advance his candidacy through regular party channels . . .

"Even Thomas Coleman, state Republican chairman in Wisconsin, is favorable to Mr. Stassen, according to Senator McCarthy."

There was nothing wrong in Stassen's accepting the support of the McCarthy-Coleman machine—unless one believes in guilt by association.

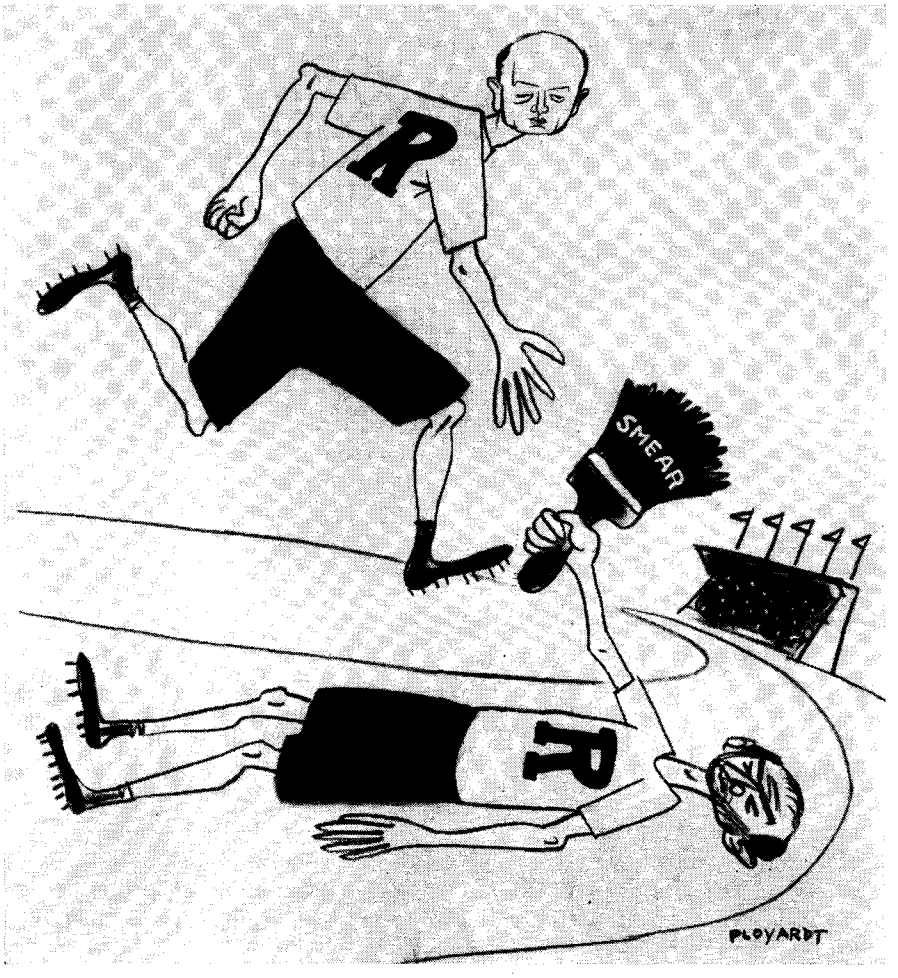
Stassen scored an impressive victory in the Wisconsin primary in 1948, but his strategy collapsed when Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, upholding the negative viewpoint, bested him in their historic Oregon radio debate on the issue of outlawing the Communist Party. Ideas proved to be essential after all.

War of Maneuver

Having failed to get the nomination, Stassen has in recent years pursued a succession of maneuvers to maintain his position as a public man. He accepted a university presidency, interviewed Stalin, became an expert on Asia, took a trip around the world, wrote a letter to Stalin, and proposed a "mid-century conference" between Russian and American leaders to settle the cold war. Unfortunately all these gambits had been tried before—some by a man named Henry Wallace.

Stassen's ideas and policy suggestions usually seem to take on the patness of advertising slogans with disconcerting ease: "We must wage peace as we have waged war"; "The cold war can only be won with hot ideas." He has described the Republicans as neither isolationists nor interventionists, but as "freedomists."

In addition to proposals for a resumption of Yalta-style talks between Truman and Stalin (or presumably Stassen and Stalin), his principal suggestions have been to "pierce" the Iron Curtain with a barrage of propaganda balloons and to set up a "MacArthur Plan" in Asia. In the summer of 1950, he warned against Russia's wearing us down by a succession of small Korea-type wars. He urged that this country send Russia an ultimatum warning that any future attack by a satellite state would mean world war



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immediately. Stassen also specifically referred to possible Chinese intervention in the civil wars in Burma and Indo-China. Columnist Walter Lippmann scolded Stassen for "the imprecision, indeed the wooliness, of the proposal.

"If men like Mr. Stassen, who, if they will only stop and listen, can know better, are still so crudely unaware of the limitations of our power . . . we shall not correct the mistakes which are costing us so dearly, we shall only compound them," Lippmann concluded sternly.

Getting into the Act

Stassen, however, has no time to stop and listen. Oppressed by the relentless passage of time, he rushes on with accelerating speed. Publicity alone, he apparently feels, can keep alive his flickering political life.

It was this desperation that impelled him this October to go on the Congressional committee circuit. His testimony before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee considering the nomination of Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup was characterized by Senator Sparkman, subcommittee chairman, as "completely irrelevant."

It was worse than irrelevant: In a more sophisticated and adroit manner, Stassen did the smear job on Jessup which his friend Joe McCarthy had failed to do during his appearance before the committee. In his first testimony on October 8, Stassen said he had "two major central points." These were that "there has been for a number of years a world-wide pattern of action which has had its consequence" the undermining of Chiang Kai-shek's régime in China; and that secondly there is now "in its early stage a similar world-wide pattern of action" which would have as its consequence the undermining of the Congress Party of India and of Premier Nehru.

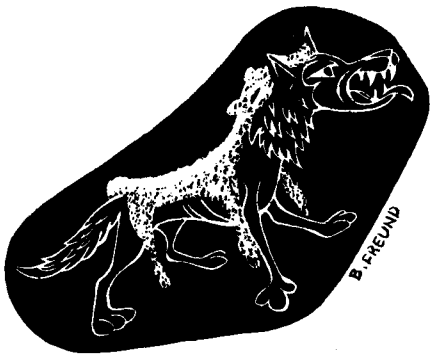
Stassen never attempted to define the origin, nature, and principal participants in this "world-wide pattern of action" except to imply that Jessup was connected with it. It was a charge as terrifyingly sinister and yet as vague as McCarthy's claim that General Marshall was part of "a conspiracy . . . so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man."

Stassen declared that he would "not endeavor to assess motives or intentions of the participants," and resurrected the familiar McCarthy line:

"The results are equally tragic whether they follow from honest mistakes or subversive treason."

Not content with this pale smear, Stassen went further and divided his opponents at a 1949 State Department conference on Asia into four categories. There were, he said, the men of good intentions, the ignorant, those who made "errors of judgment," and finally, "many [who] were knowing associates of the Communist design in connection with the pattern."

There were only twenty-five participants in the conference. Bankers, missionaries, college presidents, professors, and writers made up the group. Each had a reputation in his field. Stassen attacked the integrity of "many" of them, yet offered no names and no evidence.



Stassen presented a case against Jessup's personal integrity which was constructed wholly of hearsay, circumstantial evidence, and inaccurate newspaper stories. He originally charged that Jessup had supported recognition of Red China during the State Department conference in October, 1949. The transcript of the meeting, when published, failed to bear this out. Jessup presided; he did not participate. Stassen further charged that the late Senator Vandenberg had told him Jessup had participated in a White House conference on February 5, 1949, at which the cutting off of aid to Nationalist China was proposed. Vandenberg's diary was silent on this point. United Nations records confirmed that Jessup was in New York that day.

With remarkable ingenuity, Stassen then argued that circumstantial evidence in the winter of 1949-1950 supported his position. Sparkman refuted this by saying that Jessup had testified to the Foreign Relations Committee in March, 1950, against recognition of Red China. Stassen then said that by March the move toward recognition had been thwarted. The nefarious scheme, he claimed, had been at its height in January. Sparkman refuted this by reading from Acheson's secret testimony to the committee in January in which he firmly opposed recognition.

On October 15, Stassen reappeared as a witness, claiming he had "new evidence." This consisted of U.N. records showing that Jessup was in Washington the weekend before the February 5 White House meeting.

"It seems inconceivable to me that they could not have discussed our China policy during that weekend," said Stassen.

This conjecture was refuted when Sparkman read a letter from Jessup explaining he went to Washington that weekend to see President Truman about a new diplomatic assignment. He accepted it on condition that Columbia University grant him further leave. Columbia's records substantiated this.

Stassen's full commitment to the guilt-by-association principle came out when he said that anyone who "had been associated with our failure in China should not be permitted to shape policy in future critical areas such as India."

Senator Fulbright reminded him: "That begins to approach the totalitarian point of view. They don't tolerate people who have made mistakes." Pointing to the example of the late Senator Vandenberg, the reformed isolationist, Fulbright suggested that in a free society men can learn from experience and change their minds without suffering any penalty for past mistakes.

Long Way Home

Stassen offered nothing but innuendoes, half-truths, willful distortions, and, as Sparkman said, "putting inference onto inference." Not a single inference drawn by Stassen had proved valid. But he succeeded mightily in muddying the issue and expanding the Jessup hearings into a free-for-all on China policy.

Stassen apparently feels that in the Communist issue he has found the way back out of the political limbo in which he has been wandering. It is the long way home—if Heaven is still his goal.

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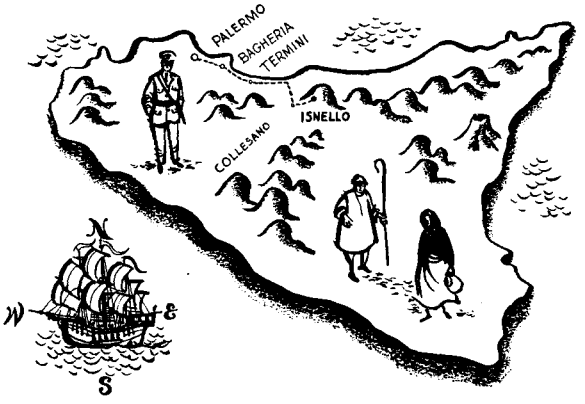
4,000 Mayors Of New York



CARLO LEVI

As a beautiful gray Pontiac, borrowed for the occasion, drew up in the village of Isnello, the mayor of New York and Mrs. Impellitteri alighted amid the bedlam of applause, the blare of a village band, and the turmoil of *carabinieri,* motorcycle escorts, members of reception committees, newspapermen, photographers, curiosity seekers, innumerable cousins once or more removed, villagers, peasants, shepherds, cheering women—the four thousand inhabitants of Isnello plus pilgrims. Children swarmed around the car, shouting and jostling their way forward to touch it. "Let's touch that car!" they cried out in dead earnest. "If we can touch that car, we'll surely get to America."

The Pontiac had barely stopped when it became a miraculous object; by touching it, these children would win passage to the truest of heavens, the longed-for American Paradise. All day long the car stood in the streets. Thousands of children's hands touched it reverently, thousands of widening eyes stared at it with passionate hope. Beyond it, the first house of the village still exhibited a solemn maxim in tall letters: THOSE NATIONS WHOSE CRADLES ARE EMPTY ARE NOT WORTHY OF EMPIRE. It was signed with the huge "M" which Mussolini had plastered over all the walls of Italy.

Reunion in Palermo

To tell the truth, it all began in a rather conventional way. For several days, American and Italian newspapermen, photographers, and authorities had been crowding every airplane and sleeping car from Rome to Palermo. Even the old steamboat which crosses nightly from Naples to the Conca d'Oro —the Golden Shell of the Gulf of Palermo—was booked solid. Nor was the mayor of New York the only distinguished traveler in Sicily. There was competition in the shape of a bevy of beauties bound for the contest which was to choose Miss Europe. Having missed the regular flight, I had to take the special plane along with His Honor the Mayor, his lady of the periwinkle-blue eyes, and some of the beauties.

When we reached Palermo, we found more photographers, more authorities, and the advance echelon of the mayor's cousins—a legion of Impellitteris marching in from Fiorentino, Vacca, and Cannici, to name but a few villages whose Impellitteris came to greet their American kinsman. For the whole day, His Honor was sucked into a whirl of official receptions. I was buttonholed

by some of the more timid Impellitteris, who, mistaking me for an intimate of their great relative, showed their identity cards and begged for an introduction to him. One of these, a municipal clerk, was flanked by twin sons who, like Roland the Paladin, were unmistakably cross-eyed. This Impellitteri said he had to show me the "gynecological" tree of the family; I had a hard time getting rid of him before taking off full speed for Isnello.

Taking to the Hills

The road to Termini Imerese runs along the most radiant of Italian seacoasts—the Golden Shell. The sea sparkles, a dazzling blue, through orange groves and tall reeds. Men and women work in the orchards. Here and there workers mold earth into bricks with their hands and bake them in age-old kilns. On the roads, carts with exploits of olden knights painted upon them move like a migration of people who cannot stay still. A few miles beyond, the road strikes deep into the mountains.

Of a sudden, the landscape changes; we are now crossing the vast, bare moorlands of feudal estates, still owned by princes and barons like Prince Gangi and the Marquis of Santa Colomba. We scale the Madonie circuit, where Sicilian aristocrats have a way of killing themselves in automobile races. Here nature assumes the stern, noble, and desolate aspect of inner Italy, the Italy of the peasants. At Collesano we meet a congeries of urchins. Under the fatherly glance of a *carabinieri*

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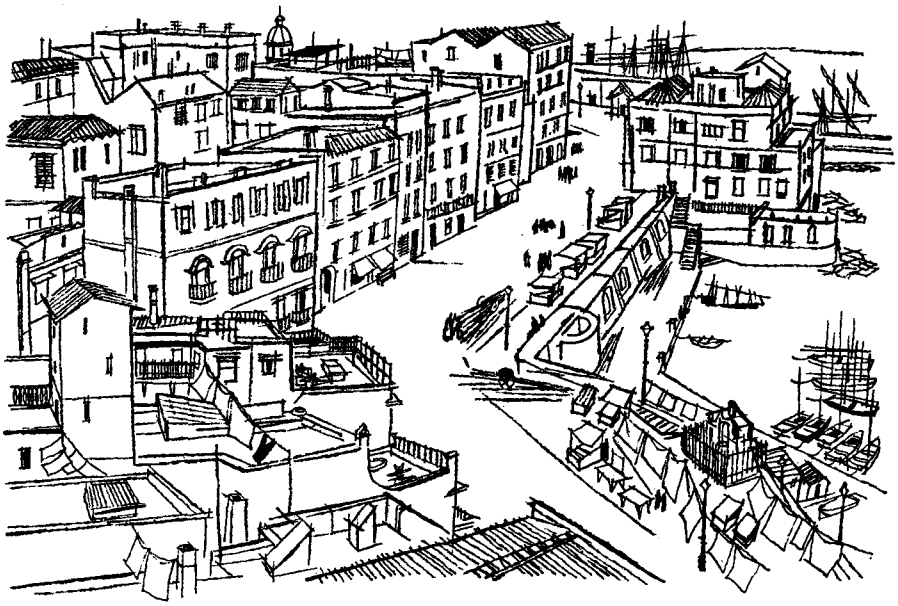

sergeant, the village idiot, an old man named Armando, shouts *"Viva!"* and then stretches out at our feet.

Leaving Collesano, we climb ever upward. Presently, beyond a bend in the road, we see at a distance the village of Isnello. A flock of sheep, shepherds, and dogs clutters up the road; an old woman with a bundle of fagots on her back trudges along. On the dark shawl over her head, on her back, and on her skirt, a host of flies, drowsy and quiet, let her carry them who knows whither.

The Preparations

Isnello had already been invaded by American reporters who moved from door to door, with a maniacal passion for "facts," questioning people. They asked everybody's Christian and family name, age, job, wages, and—naturally—degree of consanguinity to the mayor of New York. It was much like a major police investigation; the peasants accepted their screening with courtesy and resignation. Reporters' notebooks bulged with valueless details, while the village crier blew his bugle, bawling at every corner: "Hear ye, hear ye! Tomorrow His Honor the Mayor of the Town of New York will come here to our town. All common animal-beasts—whether asses or donkeys, all sheep and rams of all nature, all sows and pigs and hogs and swine—must be penned up by their masters in their homes in good time. As of tomorrow, no common animal-beast may walk abroad in Isnello!"

The constable and beadle rushed about with a bundle of old faded flags—the eighty little emblems used for the Feast Day of St. Nicholas of Bari, the patron saint of Isnello—and decorated the most conspicuous emplacements. Lady cousins of the mayor of New York adorned the doors of their houses with garlands and festoons of leaves. Along the road, on the approach to the village, men were filling up ruts and holes. A youngster was polishing up one of the countless Madonnas that rise within countless niches. The village scavenger and four volunteers plied their brooms in Sisyphean labor because the common animals were not yet penned in.

On the square, the band was rehearsing painstakingly, and, as usual on weekdays, the village was virtually deserted. The modest preparations continued indifferently. Occasionally, showy men who looked like stand-ins for Signor Impellitteri—the same swarthy long faces, black eyes, and straight noses—passed down the street. They were not his kinsmen. I did meet a tall cross-eyed fellow who proved by exhibiting his identity card that he was a cousin of the mayor of New York—but a cousin from the remotest corner of Sicily.

The preparations were much like those for any saint's day or for the local bishop or local prefect. Still, there was a difference; it lay in the fact that His Honor the Mayor was clothed in a cloud of mystery. Away back fifty years ago, a one-year-old infant, he had emigrated; now he was returning to the homeland. No Italian knew him, yet he was of their kin. His birth was shrouded as mythically as that of Homer, or Christopher Columbus, or, say, Jesus Christ.

Like theirs, Mayor Impellitteri's birthplace has been disputed. Some documents would have you believe he was born in the Via Figurella, an alley since rechristened Via Grisanti; the legend under the street sign states that Signor Grisanti was a *"folkrorista,"* surely a slip of the pen. Actually, His Honor was born at the corner of a tiny passage named Vicolo Bettlem—a misspelling of Bethlehem.

67 or 70?

At 67 Vicolo Bettlem I was greeted by Signora Rosaria Ventapelle, the wife of the street sweeper. She was a short, dark woman, still young-looking, with shining eyes and delicate features, vibrating with a passionate, scarcely repressed fanaticism. She was surrounded by a flock of children.

"They want him to be born there at No. 70," she told me, "but he was born *here* at 67. Yes, he did *live* there at 70, as sure as the Gospel. But he was *born* here in this very house with hay and straw strewn over him like the Blessed Infant Jesus. I don't know anything. I was born yesterday. But the old people said so. Here is where he was born, right here. I don't know anything. I don't care, poor woman that I am. Certainly it's a great honor; but I was born yesterday. I am just a tenant, and don't know anything.

"Now they want him to be born at No. 70; they argue so much because they think he'll leave a lot of money behind him. They're envious, that's all; I don't want anything, I don't ask for anything. I'm just happy with the food my man brings in after he's swept the streets. Still, I wish to God the city would pave the street at the doorstep of this house, here at No. 67. But they won't do it because they are too envious. It's like the politicians. You know what they are. All the same thing: One's a Democrat, another's a Communist, another's 'Social,' and another's something else again. It's all a hoax. Tomorrow when he comes, I wish he would go neither here nor there; but I don't know anything. I was born yesterday. Certainly it's an honor. It's a very great honor. But that's all. All that is what brings forth the spirit of wickedness."

At No. 70 there was a bearded

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woman who tried to hide her face behind a black shawl, plus two nonagenarians and various women and children. These people produced sounder historical evidence. An old lady with flint-blue eyes and a large wart on her nose declared that she remembered Signor Impellitteri's father perfectly:

"His shoemaker's bench was at this doorstep," she said. "When the weather was good, he brought it out, and when it rained, he took it inside."

She also recalled how the older Impellitteri had gone to America "to find a piece of bread."

Another old woman insisted that "he" was born here at No. 70, and that she could prove it. She went inside the house to get her evidence, an irrefutable document. It was a certificate in a wooden frame stating that Nicolina di Maria, daughter of the late Vincenzo [and grandmother of the great Vincenzo], was a member of the Eucharistic League. The certificate, dated 1897, was given to the woman as a keepsake by the Impellitteri family the day they left for America.

I asked the woman what she had given the emigrants in exchange.

"I gave them some cheese to eat at sea," she answered shyly, as if she were ashamed. "They were so poor they had no money."

What Gift?

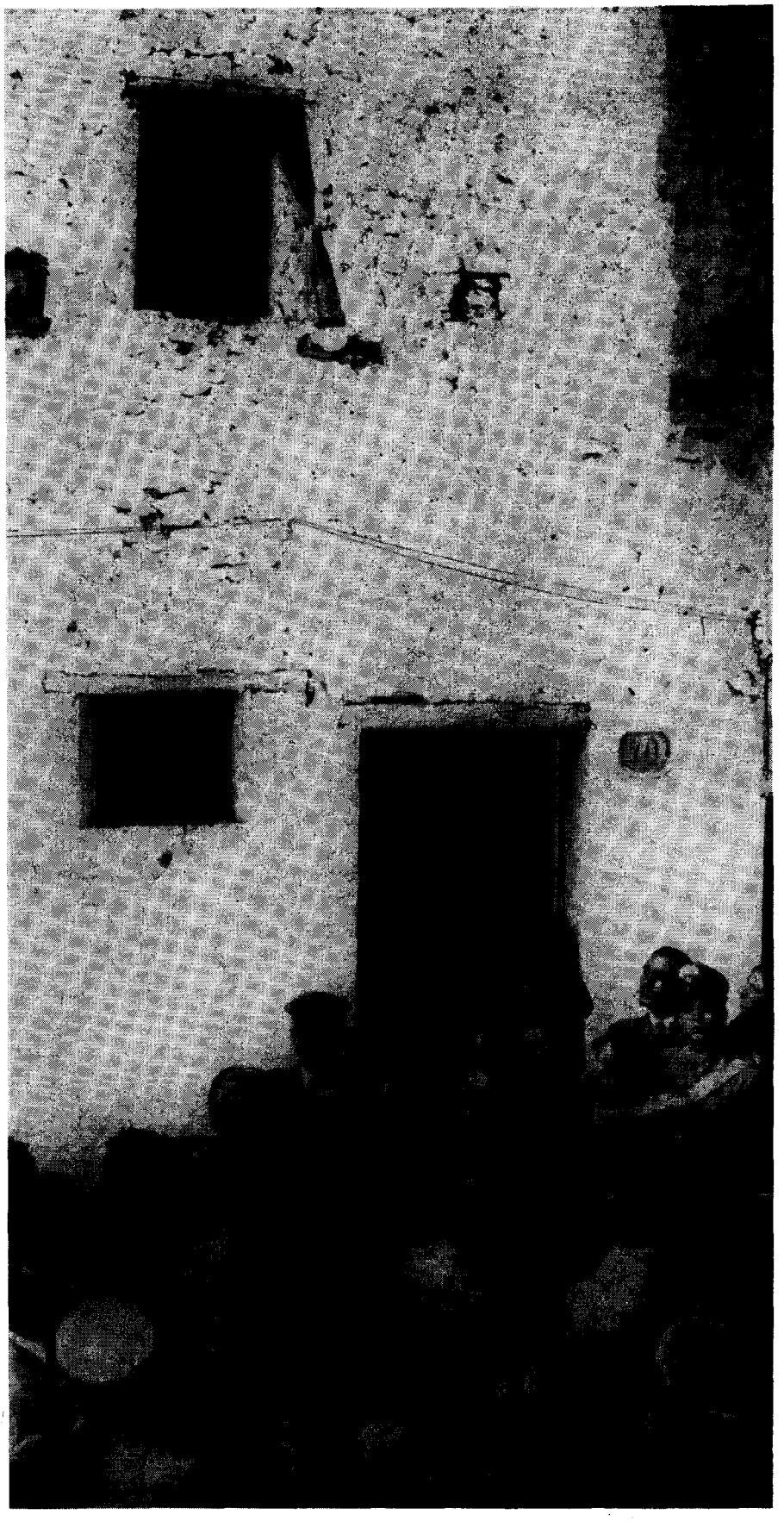
A mustachioed American reporter broke in and asked: "What do you hope the mayor of New York will do for you tomorrow?"

"What can we say?" they answered. "We don't know anything."

An old man ventured: "There are so many things we need here. When we are sick, we have to go to Palermo or to Cefalù for a hospital. There was an old legacy once, but it has vanished. And then we have no school, no Town Hall, no religious movie house."

Isnello has no movie theater of any sort, but the old man wanted a religious one. People answered the reporter to be polite, but one could see that they were proud and had dignity. Really they did not wish or expect anything, neither gifts nor philanthropy, nothing of this earth. They were just waiting for "him" to come. But a child cried "Musicians, musicians!" He was dreaming that Impellitteri might give Isnello a fife-and-drum band.

Not only the place of the mayor's



'And so the mystery play . . . came to an end . . .'

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birth but also the date is wrapped in mystery. Apparently, Signor Impellitteri has always celebrated February 4; but the documents that the village clerk had shown me prove that it was January 4, 1900, at 7:15. For Isnello the new century began with him.

Bemused by mystical shadows and the falling night, I drove back to Palermo, one with the carts, their hanging lights, and the singsong of the drivers. In the garden of Palermo's Moorish hotel, I beheld the beauty queens parading, half-naked and frog-pink under the spotlights, before the mayor and the voracious eyes of the Sicilian nobility.

The Great Day

Next day, I awoke under a holiday sun riding high in the sky, because, with Saracen indifference, the hotel clerk had neglected to tell me that Mayor Impellitteri's party had left. I followed, speeding madly, as in an absurd American movie, through Ficarazzi and Ficarozzelli and Bagheria and Trabia and Termini Imerese, between lines of painted carts. Finally I caught up with the procession, which, led by three motorcyclists of the Municipio di Palermo in black-and-white helmets, was moving leisurely to let the guests see the landscape. In the mayor's wake, I proceeded through the mountains.

The day before, Isnello had seemed half deserted. Now its narrow streets could hardly contain the crowd. They were all there—peasants, shepherds, craftsmen, and women, pressing behind the village flag and the band, a solid wall of faces. Isnello is known for its Passion play, *La Casazza,* in which the whole town acts and which is given in Holy Week when there has been a good crop. This was Isnello's most extraordinary *Casazza.*

On the way down the *Corso* to church to hear Mass, we passed under big posters in English which read: WELCOME, IMPY! WELCOME IN YOUR NICE COUNTRY!

Amid music and applause, we sauntered under the crowded balconies and the darting glances of the girls. Again there was a wall of faces and shining black eyes, with hundreds of black-veiled women massed against a house bearing the legend MEAT.

From the silent group a lone, sharp voice rose shrilly: "Vincenzino! Blessed son of your mother! The women of Isnello are here! Look at us!"

The woman, draped in the black shawl of the peasants, stood with arms outstretched. I recognized her as a Christian Democratic member of Parliament, Signora Cingolani, the Under Secretary for Arts and Crafts. Impellitteri turned his gentle gaze upon the applauding women.

In the Church

The crowd blocked our way to the church. There were no animals on the street, but the lazy, patient autumn flies were omnipresent. They accompanied us into the beautiful fifteenth-century church that had once been a mosque. They were flying in flocks of thousands through the air filled with notes of the organ, settling stubbornly

on the faces of the faithful, the authorities, the American reporters, the policemen, and the helmeted motorcyclists, and even on the handsome face and prophetic beard of a celebrated friar from Isnello, Father Domenico, General of the Capuchins, who had come specially from Rome. Mass was said by a young priest with a bull neck, black glasses, and a green stole, he too a cousin of Signor Impellitteri. Mass was solemn and long. In the front row, the mayor of Isnello held his right thumb against his lips as he crossed himself, after the ancient fashion of the women of Isnello when they spell away an approaching storm.

After the House of God came the House of Caesar. We were supposed to go on to the Town Hall, a few yards away. It was hard to get to, because the happy, smiling crowd was even thicker. Isnello's Town Hall consists of two small rooms in an old house, up a steep flight of stairs. We were shown the precious documents: the birth certificate, the application for an emigration visa by Vincent's mother, an illiterate who affixed an "X" instead of a signature. The honored guest was presented with souvenirs: a large-size photograph of Isnello, in a silver frame; a sentimental novel, *Come Back for Their Sake!,* written by a woman of Isnello; and a silver box full of Isnello earth, with an engraved inscription: THE TOWNSHIP OF ISNELLO TO ITS GREAT SON VINCENZO IMPELLITTERI.

. . . but No Keys

To make a gift offering of earth was an ancient feudal custom. Father Grisanti, the *folkrorista,* tells of it: "As an adolescent I had occasion to learn from persons then in their eighties that when Our Lord (as the Count of Isnello was then called) would return to Isnello

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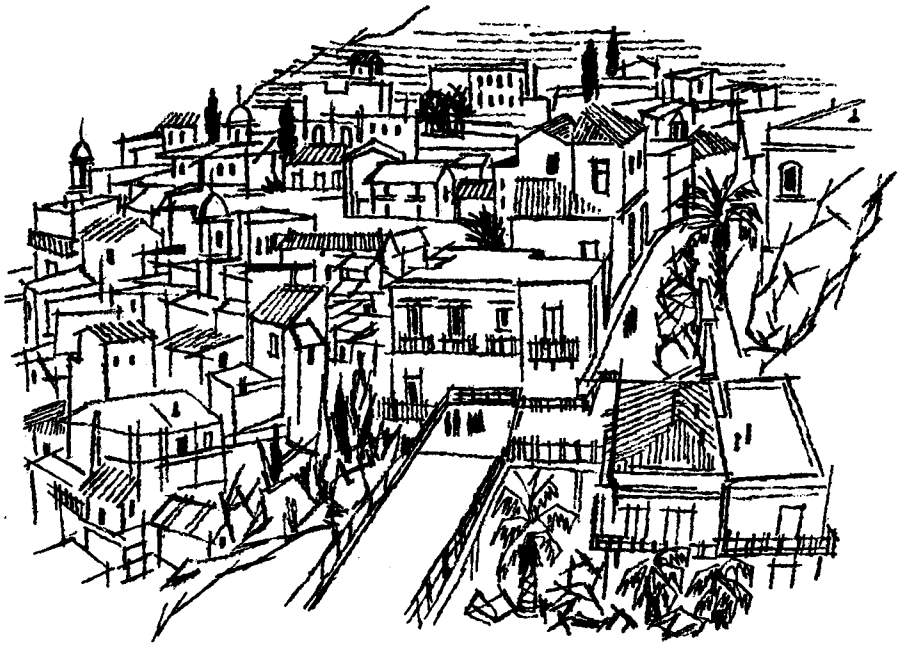
after a long absence, the city fathers were in duty bound to receive His Lordship at the main city gate—which has been recently demolished—where, in welcome and in token of fealty, they would hand him a cup bearing a fistful of earth, and the keys to the city."

Signor Impellitteri did not get the keys, for these no longer exist. But he got the earth.

Next came the official speeches delivered from the balcony. A High Official of the Region of Sicily spoke first, then the mayor of Isnello, and then came Signor Impy's reply. These speeches, dripping with Sunday rhetoric, were perfect in their way. The High Official spoke of the pride of the poor immigrant who had won fame "not because he was sprung from the loins of the nobility but rather because of the two laws of Sicily—the law of Honor and that of Love." "Impellitteri's personal pride," he continued, "is fulfilled and transcended in the pride of the four thousand inhabitants of Isnello, or rather if you allow me, of four million Sicilians.

"You are visible proof," the orator concluded, "of what our Empire and the dominion and primacy of our civilization truly mean. You, a Sicilian from the cradle up, a Sicilian with a birth certificate to prove it, you are one of those marvelous colonizers who, having crossed the seas that you recross now with your eagle's flight, have built the Empire, the Empire of Work. I must thank you, my dear Vincenzo, on behalf of all of us, because we all feel in you the triumph of our race. This has happened, because in New York there is freedom and equality." And so forth.

Besides the Empire and the cradle, which I had already read about on the wall signed "M," and besides the racial pride and the rest, the speaker voiced an indubitable truth: Isnello was celebrating itself, and everyone in Isnello recognized himself in Impellitteri. In him noblemen and poor folk worshiped their common human nature, their Sicilian and Isnellian essence. Impellitteri was a man like any other, a Sicilian like any other. The mayor of Isnello, a schoolteacher by profession, said much the same sort of thing, but more simply. He felt closer to Signor Impellitteri, more like him, which made him more proudly and unreservedly happy.



I don't know how fine a speaker Signor Impellitteri is in English, but he was perfect in Sicilian. He sensed that his listeners were celebrating themselves in his own person, and in a few words he made that mystical identification a reality. He started by saying that he was *"allegro"* to come back as the mayor of New York to the town of his *"natività."* Either out of an imperfect knowledge of Italian or out of deep intuition, he said, then and always, *natività* (nativity), instead of *nascita* (birth). He spoke of his *"mogliera"* (the dialect word for wife), and of his *"papà e mamà."* And he said: "I am the son of a poor shoemaker, who left Isnello without five cents (*soldi*) in his sack but with seven sons, and then later a girl arrived. On this side of the ocean they were all boys, but in America came a daughter. Therefore always for democracy it is possible for these ragged peasants to be tomorrow mayor of Rome or head of Italy, or mayor of New York like me. That is democracy and freedom. I was christened right here and now I am the mayor of the biggest city in the world. Long live Sicily, long live Italy, long live the United States of America!"

Having paid tribute to the secular and the religious power, the homecomer now visited the house of his nativity which by official decree was No. 70. It was really a hut; if there was no donkey or cow or straw in the manger, there were the eternal and innumerable flies. The present tenant is a Calabrian who, thanks to odd jobs, earns three thousand lire or five dollars per year. We were told it was unsafe to venture in; the flooring could scarcely hold our weight. The walls were bare, the ceiling was of rushes, picture cards of saints were pinned to the wall. The only piece of furniture was a cot. For a closet, the family hung its rags on the branch of a tree.

The Evening

And so the mystery play of which Signor Impellitteri happened to be hero and protagonist came to an end, except for a hearty dinner served by the nuns of the orphanage of Santa Maria. Afterwards, there were visits to the relatives, and Signor Impellitteri was once again a man among men. The sun, which had favored us so happily, now darkened; an early autumn rain began to fall.

The children of the orphanage welcomed the mayor before dinner, with a song written specially for the occasion. A girl offered him a bouquet and recited:

I am too little,
I can hardly talk;
But to offer you this humble gift,
I certainly can walk.

At this point, Signor Impellitteri, a man among men, could no longer stand the emotion and burst into tears.

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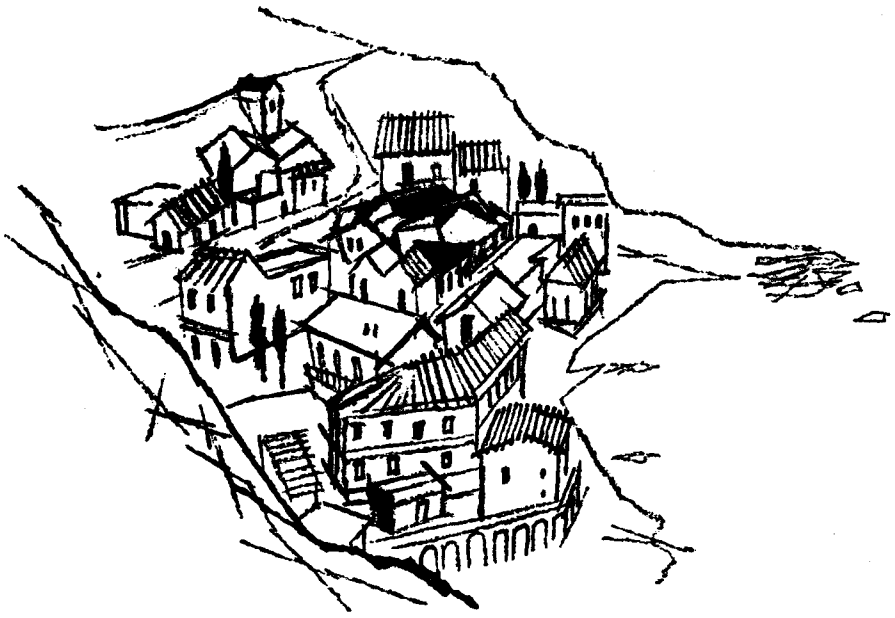
But dinner was ready. The newspapermen and the policemen from Palermo were accommodated in a private room. The Impellitteris from Palermo, snubbed by the Isnello branch, were cooling their heels outdoors. (They had ridden at the tail end of the procession.) The cross-eyed twins and their father stood on their hind legs to eat their bread and cheese, for Isnello has no inn. We, on the contrary, enjoyed a marvelous meal, including cakes, and nougat, prepared by Sister Maria Benigna, a cousin of Signor Impellitteri. After dinner, we had more speeches.

Particularly eloquent was that made by the Under Secretary of Arts and Crafts, the same woman who had shouted "Vincenzino!" in the morning. Since then, she had exchanged her peasant shawl for a more Ministerial gown. With a fine oratorical flourish, she exclaimed: "I feel as if I had spent all my life in that shawl!" Next, she sang the praises of Signora Impellitteri, and then she ascended from the passion of the day to a consideration of eternity: "This day will live for generations to come. You two will always be our Protector and our Protectress."

The Mayor's Gifts

It was announced then that Signor Impellitteri would give his cousin's monastery a half million lire, and the township one and a half million, which would enable the mayor of Isnello to set up an establishment of public showers for the citizens.

By now a heavy autumnal rain was falling and the mountains were covered with mist. Signor Impellitteri, a plain family man now, visited one and all of his relatives, from Sister Maria Benigna upwards and down. The American reporters searched vainly for telephones. Would I lend them my car, they asked; surely I could get a place in one of the parade cars. I wandered through the rainy village; I looked down the lanes and through half-open doors behind which goats were skulking. I breathed the old familiar odors of smoke and of animals; I entered the few shops of the village. In a tavern, I met the Communist leader of Isnello, who was also a physician, a rich landowner, and a member of the local reception committee. I had seen him at the dinner, and I was happy to note that he, like everyone



else, was pleased with the day's work. "Party rivalry," he declared, "should be forgotten on such a momentous occasion. Has not this day brought honor to each and every citizen?" He was dubious about the showers, but this did not prevent him from sharing everybody's joy and feeling himself one four-thousandth part the mayor of New York.

When night fell, I decided to go. I made my way to my car, waiting for Signor Impellitteri to take leave of one last cousin. A peasant in an old military cape walked up to me and said: "I would like a job that would take me away from here! I'd gladly be a truck driver's helper or a night watchman or any God-damned thing, if only I could get out of this hole."

Recessional

At last we drove off. I accompanied the vice-mayor of Palermo and several other Sicilian gentlemen. As we were speeding through the darkness of the baronial lands, our talk touched upon the Mafia.

"Do you believe in such nonsense?" the vice-mayor asked. "My dear fellow, the Mafia does not exist," he hastened to add. "It's just a legend. But if it *did* exist, I'd certainly join up!"

We reached the coastline. At Trabia we had to stop because a church procession, with torches, squibs, and all, had the right of way. I alighted from the car to find out what was going on. Long files of men were parading under the flare of firecrackers. The archpriest walking very slowly before the big cross was informed that Signor Impellitteri was in the car which had just stopped. Trembling with delight, the prelate doffed his hat respectfully and dashed toward the Pontiac. After paying homage to Signor Impellitteri, he asked His Honor to convey his personal greeting to Monsignor Spellman.

"I have a cousin in Chicago, too. Do you know him?"

Signor Impellitteri did not.

To the Mines

Early next morning I was sleeping my head off in my room at the large Moorish hotel. Suddenly I was awakened by a violent knocking at the door. Someone was entering my room. Opening my eyes, I preceived a stout, dark, middle-aged person of average height.

"I am Impellitteri!" he said.

Here was a cousin, one cousin more. I recognized him because he was cross-eyed like Roland the Paladin.

He asked me to introduce him to his cousin the mayor; apparently he wished to discuss some sort of business deal with him. I gathered it had to do with salami but I was too sleepy to pay much attention.

Presently I dressed, then fled precipitately, because I wanted to go to Lercara Friddi, Lucky Luciano's home town. I was to visit the sulphur mines there, a place, I had been told, of unutterable misery. Another world was waiting for me. Another Sicily. Impellitteri had gone.

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Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, And the Riddle of Society

LIONEL TRILLING

An English literary magazine recently undertook to celebrate the Festival of Britain with a series of articles on "the British idea in literature," and invited me to contribute. *The* British idea in literature! My first response was to suppose that the subject was impossible. How could one attempt to say what was *the* idea of a literature which had been flourishing for more than half a millennium? How could one even conceive the subject without betraying that living multiplicity of manners and matters, of temperaments and wills, which makes the glory of English letters?

But then I read carefully the exact terms of my invitation and saw that the subject was not really impossible after all. For I was being asked to deal with it "from the American point of view," and it seemed to me that if one looks at British literature from the American point of view—if, that is, one considers it in comparison with American literature—one may see that between the two literatures there is an essential difference which actually does suggest what might indeed be thought of as the "idea" of each.

The difference lies in the way the two literatures regard society and the ordinary life of daily routine. As compared to American literature, British literature is defined by its tendency to take society for granted and then to go on to demonstrate its burdensome but interesting and valuable complexity. And American literature, in comparison with British, is defined by its tendency to transcend or circumvent the social fact and to concentrate upon the individual in relation to himself, to God, or to the cosmos, and, even when the individual stands in an inescapable relation to the social fact, to represent society and the ordinary life of daily routine not as things assumed and taken for granted, but as problems posed, as alien and hostile to the true spiritual and moral life.

Kim and Huck

And it occurred to me to suggest that this difference is strikingly exemplified by two very well-known books, the two best boys' books in the two literatures. *Kim* obviously derives something of its inspiration from *Huckleberry Finn*—Kipling greatly admired Mark Twain—and the two books are similar at so many points that their wide divergence in social attitude is the more significant. The two boy-heroes are alike in that they delight in their freedom from all familial and social ties. But they are different in this, that Kim carries in an amulet case the evidence of his father's identity, and, as with many legendary heroes, the discovery of his ancestry is his destiny, while Huck, when eventually he hears of his brutal father's death, feels scarcely any other emotion than relief at his greater safety in his isolate freedom.

Both boys adopt surrogate fathers, and Kim adopts no fewer than three, of whom one has the authority of religion, one the authority of worldly wisdom, and one the authority of the state. But Huck's single adopted father, the Negro slave Jim, has no other authority than that of natural goodness. Both boys see much of the seamy side of ordinary life; Kim accepts it as a fine, rich show, the expectable field of his activity, but Huck judges it, condemns it, and forgives it. Forgives it, but can never be part of it. Where Kim learns to consent to society and even to become the eager servant of the state (finding no conflict of loyalty between his attachment to his lama and his commitment to the Indian Secret Service), the climax of Huck's adventures is his great moral crisis over his loyalty to Jim, which issues in what he believes to be a complete separation not only from society but from God. And the end of his adventures brings him to his resolve to "light out for the Territory."

In short, at every point the English book says that initiation into society is possible, fascinating, and desirable, while at every point the American book says that virtue lies in alienation from society. And over the century and a half during which there has been an American literature, this difference from British literature may be observed. The clue to the nature and power of British literature in the nineteenth century is contained in Burke's phrase, "the grand mystery of social life." The clue to the nature and power of American literature is contained in the titles of two American works of fiction which have established themselves in the American mind in a more than literary way—*The Last of the Mohicans* and "The Fall of the House of Usher"—the image of the solitary man who survives his social group, and the image of the decay and collapse of the social fabric itself. Wherever American literature is great and interesting, these themes, or that variation of them which is the lighting out for the Territory, will be found dominant.

Rejection of Society

The impulse to withdraw from society which American literature so consistently expresses does not arise from the contempt for what society is in comparison with what it might be. Such a feeling is characteristic of, say, the English romantic poets, or of Dickens. What we deal with in the great American writers is a rejection of society in essence, a disenchantment or

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disgust with the very idea of society. Poe's disgust, his images of desolation, madness, and decay, are obviously representative of a profound social negation, but Poe never hints the causes of his disgust—for him to have done so would have been to mitigate the extremity of his revulsion. Cooper is almost always interesting as a social critic and satirist, yet Cooper was truly free and powerful in his imagination only when he dealt with man outside of society, self-sufficient, autonomous, and anti-social.

Thoreau's suspiciousness of organized society is naturally better remembered than the horror he expressed of the human condition in general. He loathed the necessities of ordinary life, thought it a desecration of the divinity of language that it must be uttered by the mouth which also serves the animal necessity of eating, and believed that the domesticities of the farm were as corrupting as the cold intellectuality of Harvard College.

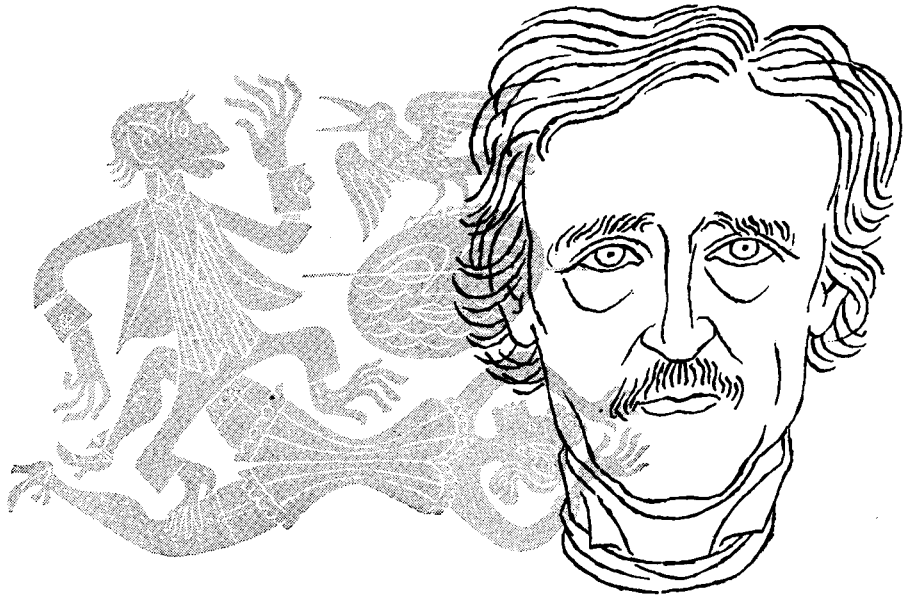
Emerson spoke of the high value to be placed upon the homely actualities, but nothing is more characteristic of Emerson than his lighting out for the Territory of Nature, the Oversoul, and individual personality. Our greatest poet, Whitman, traditionally serves us as the very emblem of the social life of democracy, as the celebrator of the daily routine of plain and ordinary people. But in point of fact Whitman cannot be properly read unless it is understood that his expression of enthusiasm for man in community is but a way of speaking of his real interests, which are Death and the All. His representation of social life is but a figure or analogue of the universe, and in fact a denial of the actuality of society. He cannot conceive society; he cannot conceive social conflict; his people are not persons; the old humanistic categories of tragedy and comedy, which imply valuation and preference —which imply, precisely, society—have no meaning for him.

The Reluctant Historians

The academic historians of American literature do not wish to recognize this pervasive asociality of our greatest writers. V. L. Parrington was an exception. For all his limitations, Parrington was an honest man, and he saw what was there to see, which accounts for his detestation of Poe, his contempt for Hawthorne and James, his dealing with Cooper and Melville on so low a level of understanding. But for the most part the academic historians, finding that our best literature does not conform to the progressive clichés or to the blueprint of the American character which academic populism has agreed on, simply ignore the divergence and rest content with claiming the sheer undifferentiated genius of our authors as one more contribution to the general affirmativeness and vitality of American life.

But what the academic historians of American literature now shrink from recognizing was boldly seen—and feared—by more than one writer of our classic period. Hawthorne believed himself to be hopelessly alienated from the actualities of common life, and it was to avoid the fate of his master that Henry James sought his career away from his country. Hawthorne went so far as to say that he did not write novels at all—meaning novels as they were written in England, as Trollope wrote them, with full attention paid to manners and the material circumstances of existence; what he wrote, he said, was "romances"—fictions that dealt in an almost allegorical way with psychological and moral ideas of a certain abstractness. And Hawthorne's characteristic theme is the mental and moral pride which induces man to withdraw from his fellow creatures in all their ordinary imperfectness. This same pride was for Melville a tragic *hubris,* the sin by which Captain Ahab was enthralled and destroyed. But in Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener,* the definitive statement of social negation beyond which no modern despair has gone, it is not pride that motivates the terrible "I prefer not to," nor even a disgust with the social process, but simply an ultimate, invincible fatigue.

What our literary historians do not wish to see was fully seen and brilliantly noted almost thirty years ago by D. H. Lawrence in his remarkable *Studies in Classical American Literature.* Lawrence maintained that the American writers were recording a momentous and terrible event in history, the end of the humanistic social personality, the personality of hearth and board—and of bed, for American literature's desocialization was concomitant with its desexualization. And Lawrence regarded our classic literature with so intense an ambivalence, with so high an admiration and so strong a dislike, because he believed it to be bitterly undeceived in its recording of the death of the old personality at the same time that it connived in the killing.



'Change' in the 1920's

The 1920's saw a change in the idiom of American literature. The social fact had for some decades been intruding itself upon the American literary consciousness in an ever more explicit way, and writers now thought expressly "in terms of society," and found virtue in essaying to represent the actual conditions of social life. Yet if we look at the 1920's with eyes unblinded by the

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established formulations about realism and naturalism, we see that the characteristic tendency of American literature to abstractness and asociality maintained itself as strongly as ever before.

Now, to be sure, the relation of the individual to social fact is as inescapable as it is obvious, but the relation is seen as a dichotomous one—the individual here, society there—and as a grim problem to be solved, the solution being the individual's escape from or triumph over the social conditions. The impulse to establish the individual in isolate autonomy is as strong as it ever was.

Three Lonely Men

The truth of this is borne out by three recent books about the careers of three eminent writers of the period—I make but a single category because *World So Wide,* the posthumous last novel of Sinclair Lewis, seems so little *by* the Lewis we like to remember and is as much *about* him as F. O. Matthiessen's *Theodore Dreiser* and Irving Howe's *Sherwood Anderson* (both published by Sloane in its American Men of Letters Series) are about those two writers.

Of the three men, Lewis stands a little apart from the other two; Dreiser and Anderson may be felt to have a temperamental affinity with each other that rather excludes their rationalistic colleague. Yet the community of interest is firm among all three. All were consciously and specifically American; all addressed themselves to the problems—or, rather, the problem—of American society, which they agreed in understanding as the securing of freedom for the individual personality. And yet as one looks now at their careers, it seems that society is the last thing in the world they were really interested in, and that the traditional meaning of the word "personality" was the last thing they could conceive.

This is most vividly suggested by the way the three men dealt with sexuality. All of them, in the fashion of their time, made sex an issue, and Dreiser and Anderson suffered for what was held to be their sexual outspokenness. Yet each of them found it impossible to represent a credible sexual relationship. The rights of sex, the necessity of sex, the grim defeats of sex—these they could deal with, at length and abstractly and with widely varying degrees of accuracy and cogency. But when it came to the relations between the sexes, Dickens at the nadir of his preoccupation with female purity could tell us more than they.

Irving Howe is explicit on this point with respect to Anderson. He remarks on the "curiously sexless quality of those of Anderson's later novels which have been read as sex-centered"; he says that "sex in Anderson's novels was little more than a compulsive gesture," that it was "not sex but sexual anxiety . . ." Matthiessen is no less explicit about Dreiser. "As far as his work was concerned, he never managed to make a fully affecting expression of the passion that consumed him." And of the passion itself—Dreiser spoke of himself as being more interested in women than any man he had ever known—Matthiessen says that it seems to have been "the product of basic insecurity, of an almost desperate need to keep on proving himself." It was, we may say, as abstract as the sexual passion can become.

As for the quality of Lewis's conception of sexuality, it is perhaps best suggested by the appearance in his last novel of virtually the same dream of the lovely dancing girl with which, thirty years ago, Babbitt began his memorable day. Sex in Lewis's novels is always more openly adolescent and more respectable than in Anderson's and Dreiser's, but in the work of all three men its essential reference is to the "dream," to "beauty," to the unattainable ideal, never to the present and to actuality, never to personality. Indeed, nothing like personality ever appears in any of the women of their imagination until after the once-loved woman is seen as having at least the human actuality of a bore or a shrew.

'Grand Mystery'

In the course of his remarkably fine study of Anderson, a work at once objective and committed to a generous sympathy with its subject, Howe institutes a comparison between the way D. H. Lawrence dealt with sex and the way Anderson dealt with it. "[Anderson] believed in sex," Howe says, "but where in his work was the struggle between lovers that Lawrence so marvelously showed in *The Rainbow?* Where was the patient representation of the social context in which man is to revitalize his sexual life? . . ."

The question is as pertinent to Dreiser and Lewis as to Anderson. Lawrence was a man of doctrine, of abstract ideas more fully developed than Anderson and Dreiser could conceive possible or than Lewis could conceive at all, yet he had the ability which they lacked of representing the reciprocal actualities of society and personality. And if we look for the explanation of his success and their failure, we can of course find some measure of reason in personal endowment, but the full explanation is not personal but cultural—he was permitted, and they were not, the sense of "the grand mystery of social life."

I do not mean to imply, of course, that a novelist's dealing with sex is the

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only index of his sense of social actuality. But what Anderson, Dreiser, and Lewis do with sex they do with virtually every human activity. Anderson, like Whitman, makes an elaborate show of being involved with the real, the actual, the simple, the simply personal, and speaks as if he were committed to the social and even to the political, while his real concern, like Whitman's, is with isolate, abstract states of feeling which are on the verge of the mystical and before which all particularity of sense and thought vanish.

Dreiser finds his traditional analogue in Henry Adams, who was at once the last representative of our classic literature and the inaugurator of our immediate modernity of explicit despair. Like Adams's, Dreiser's interest in society arises from his self-pity over his exclusion from power; and like Adams, Dreiser transcends his interest in social power, turning to put himself into relation first with cosmic and then with divine power. It is not persons that interest him but more or less differentiated instances of the operation of abstract forces.

Anderson and Dreiser, quite apart from what our taste and judgment may lead us to feel about them, must always be of great interest simply for what they *are*—that is, late and deteriorated modes of a continuous tendency in American writing, exemplars of the sensitive, demanding, self-justifying modern soul. But Sinclair Lewis makes no such claim upon our attention. If he is interesting, it is because of what he does, not because of what he is. And for something like a quarter of a century it has been an open secret which no one quite liked to voice—so much had what he had previously done delighted us—that what he was doing made less and less claim on our interest. At one moment he seemed close indeed to the mystery of social life; perhaps no American novel since *Babbitt* has told us anything new about the American social circumstance. But then with each succeeding attempt, Lewis seemed to move further and further from the heart of the mystery, until in his last book he asks us to believe that " 'Did they, big boy?' slashed Roxanne" is an example of the repartee of a lively American girl, and that Americans of mean sensibility say "Lissen," presumably as against the "Lis-ten" of those of finer grain.

World So Small

The pathos of failure is extreme, and one does not want to dwell on it longer than to ask why it was necessary. *World So Wide* is about Americans in Florence, and the juxtaposition of characters and setting brings Mark Twain and Henry James to mind, but the emphasis on the comedy of manners makes us wonder whether, in his effort to get again into touch with the mystery of social life, Lewis had not consciously put himself to school to Jane Austen herself, so intent does he seem to represent the pride and prejudice, the sense and sensibility, the foolish fictions and the gross vulgarities through which a man, in the conception of the true social novelist, must pick his way to find a measure of rational happiness. He even gives us a bullying baronet whose very name, Sir Henry Belfont, must have been first thought of and regretfully rejected by Jane Austen, and whose traits make him not less than a cousin of her General Tilney. The pretensions of Sir Henry are exposed when, in a violent scene, it is shown by the heroine that he is really by birth a provincial American.

But it is of no avail—the old, standard paraphernalia cannot serve to bring Lewis any closer to the mystery. *World So Wide* is the story of a youngish Midwestern architect whose nagging wife is fortunately killed; he goes to find his soul in Italy, where, of course, he finds that he does not need culture and liberation but only marriage with a girl who is like his former wife except that she does not nag, a girl who seems to him not so much a woman as a "chunk of Home." This is the epitome of virtually all the life careers Lewis has ever fancied, and as we contemplate it we begin to perceive that Lewis was really no more interested in society than Anderson and Dreiser. What he was interested in was a single human situation whose intended outcome was the denial of society, and also of personality —the situation in which an individual undertakes to be free from and dominant over society, only to submit as fully as possible and to sink prostrated into an abstract anonymity.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

MAX ASCOLI, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1951.

[SEAL] ALVIN A. TENDLER, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1953)

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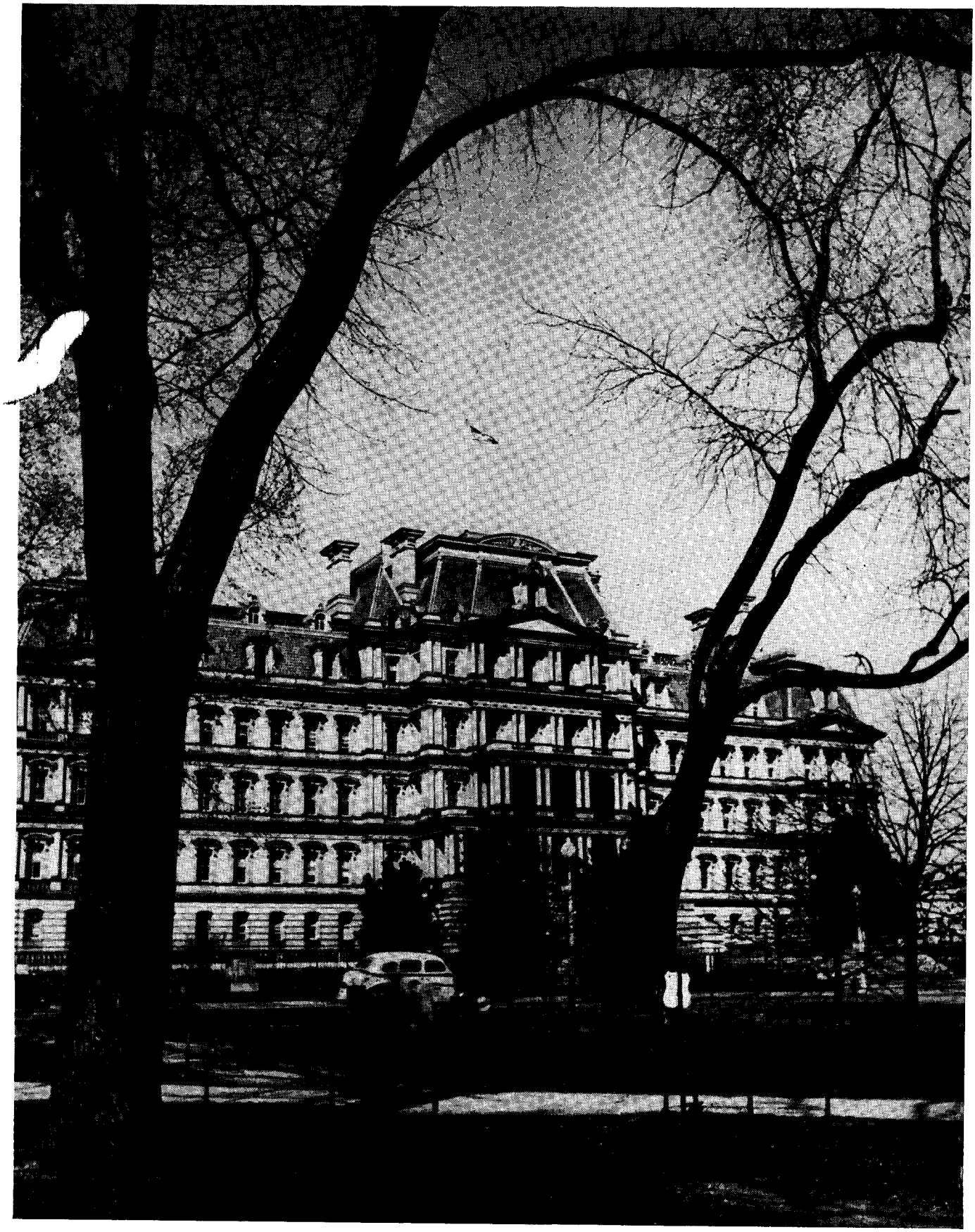

The old State Department building, Washington

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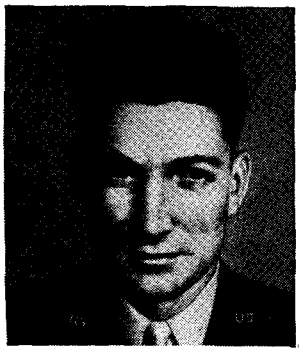
Medal of Honor

Sergeant Travis Watkins, Gladewater, Tex.—Medal of Honor

Private First Class Melvin Brown, Mahaffey, Pa.—Medal of Honor



Lieutenant Frederick Henry, Clinton, Okla.—Medal of Honor

Major General William F. Dean, Berkeley, Calif.—Medal of Honor

Sergeant Charles Turner, Boston, Mass.—Medal of Honor

This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

Right now—today—is the time to do something important for these men who died for you. You can, by helping to defend the country they defended so far "above and beyond the call of duty."

One of the best ways you can make defense *your* job, too, is to buy more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds. For your bonds help strengthen America. And if you make this nation strong enough you'll create, and keep, the peace for which men died.

Buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Start today!

Peace is for the strong...Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

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